1827

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

RISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN. 1295

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ultitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo, parcant opuſculis——in quibus fuit propoſiti ſemper, a jocis ad ſeria, in ſeriis viciſſim ad jocos tranſire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Epiſcopus Lugdun.

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THE LIFE

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

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CHAPTER I.

——I THINK it is a very unreaſonable demand—cried my great-grandfather, twiſting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.—By this account, madam, you have but two thouſand pounds fortune, and not a ſhilling more—and you inſiſt upon having three hundred pounds a year jointure for it.—

—"Becauſe," replied my great-grandmother, "you have little or no noſe, ſir."—

Now, before I venture to make uſe of the word *noſe* a ſecond time—to avoid all confuſion in what will be ſaid upon it, in this intereſting part of my ſtory, it may not be amiſs to explain my own meaning, and define, with all poſſible exactneſs and preciſion, what I would willingly be underſtood to mean by the term; being of opinion, that 'tis owing to the negligence and perverſeneſs of writers in deſpiſing this precaution, and to nothing elſe—That all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonſtrative as thoſe upon a *Will o' the Wiſp*, or any other ſound part of philoſophy, and natural purſuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you ſet out, unleſs you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment—but to give the world a good definition, and ſtand to it, of the main word you have moſt occaſion for—changing it, ſir, as you would a guinea, into ſmall coin?—which done—let the father of confuſion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of ſtrict morality and cloſe reaſoning, ſuch as this I am engaged in—the neglect is inexcuſable; and heaven is witneſs, how the world has revenged itſelf upon me for leaving ſo many openings to equivocal ſtrictures—and for depending ſo much as I have done, all along upon the cleanlineſs of my readers' imaginations.

Here are two ſenſes, cried Eugenius, as he walk'd along, pointing with the fore-finger of his right hand to the word *crevice* near the beginning of the ſecond volume of this book of books,——here are two ſenſes, —quoth he.—And here are two roads, replied I, turning ſhort upon him—a dirty and clean one—which ſhall we take?—The clean, by all means, replied Eugenius. Eugenius, ſaid I, ſtepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breaſt—to define—is to diſtruſt.—Thus I triumphed over Eugenius; but I triumphed over him as I always do, like a fool.—'Tis my comfort, however, I am not an obſtinate one; therefore

I define a *noſe* as follows—intreating only beforehand, and beſeeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition ſoever, for the love of God and their own ſouls, to guard againſt the temptations and ſuggeſtions of the devil, and ſuffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into my definition—For by the word *noſe*, throughout all this long chapter of noſes, and in every other part of my work, where the word *noſe* occurs—I declare, by that word I mean a noſe, and nothing more, or leſs.

CHAP. II.

——"BECAUSE," quoth my great-grandmother, repeating the words again—"you have little or no noſe, ſir."——

S'death! cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his noſe—'tis not ſo ſmall as that comes to; —'tis a full inch longer than my father's. Now, my great-grandfather's noſe was for all the world like unto the noſes of all the men, women, and children, whom Pantagruel found dwelling upon the iſland of Ennaſin.

——By

——By the way, if you would know the ſtrange way of getting a-kin amongſt ſo flat-noſed a people—you muſt read the book;—find it out yourſelf, you never can.——

——'Twas was ſhaped, ſir, like an ace of clubs.——

——'Tis a full inch, continued my great-grandfather, preſſing up the ridge of his noſe with his finger and thumb; and repeating his aſſertion——'tis a full inch longer, madam, than my father's—you muſt mean your uncle's, replied my great-gandmother.

——My great-grandfathcr was convinced.—He untwiſted the paper, and ſigned the article.

CHAP. III.

——WHAT an unconſcionable jointure, my dear, do we pay out of this ſmall eſtate of ours, quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.

My father, replied my grandfather, had no more noſe, my dear, ſaving the mark, than there is upon the back of my hand.

——Now, you muſt know, that my great-grandmother outlived my grandfather twelve years; ſo that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half-yearly——(on Michaelmas and Lady-day)—during all that time.

No man diſcharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father.——And as far as a hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that ſpirited jerk of an honeſt welcome, which generous ſouls, and generous ſouls only, are able to fling down money: but as ſoon as he ever entered upon the odd fifty—he generally gave a loud Hem! rubbed the ſide of his noſe leiſurely with the flat part of his fore-finger—inſerted his hand cautiouſly betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig—looked at both ſides of every guinea as he parted with it—and ſeldom could get to the end of the fifty pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief, and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious heaven! from thoſe perſecuting ſpirits who make no allowances for theſe workings within

within us.—Never—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from anceſtors!

For three generations at leaſt this tenet in favour of long noſes had gradually been taking root in our family. —Tradition was all along on its ſide, and Intereſt was every half year ſtepping in to ſtrengthen it: ſo that the whimſicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almoſt all his other ſtrange notions.——For in a great meaſure he might be ſaid to have ſucked this in with his mother's milk. He did his part however.—If education planted the miſtake (in caſe it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in ſpeaking his thoughts upon the ſubject, that he did not conceive how the greateſt family in England could ſtand it out againſt an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of ſix or ſeven ſhort noſes.—And for the contrary reaſon, he would generally add, that it muſt be one of the greateſt problems in civil life, where the ſame number of long and jolly noſes, following one another in a direct line, did not raiſe and hoiſt it up into the beſt vacancies in the kingdom.—He would often boaſt that the Shandy family ranked very high in Harry the VIIIth's time, but owed its riſe to no ſtate engine—he would ſay—but to that only;—but that, like other families, he would add—it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's noſe.—It was an ace of clubs indeed, he would cry, ſhaking his head—and as vile a one for an unfortunate family as ever turned up trumps.

——Fair and ſoftly, gentle reader!—where is thy fancy carrying thee?—If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's noſe, I mean the external organ of ſmelling, or that part of man which ſtands prominent in his face—and which painters ſay, in good jolly noſes, and well-proportioned faces, ſhould comprehend a full third—that is, meaſured downwards from the ſetting on of the hair.——

—What a life of it has an author, at this paſs?

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

IT is a ſingular bleſſing, that nature has formed the mind of man with the ſame happy backwardneſs and renitency againſt conviction, which is obſerved in old dogs—" of not learning new tricks."

What a ſhuttlecock of a fellow would the greateſt philoſopher that ever exiſted be whiſked into at once, did he read ſuch books, and obſerve ſuch facts, and think ſuch thoughts, as would eternally be making him change ſides!

Now, my father, as I told you laſt year, deteſted all this.—He picked up an opinion, ſir, as a man in a ſtate of nature picks up an apple. It becomes his own; and if he is a man of ſpirit, he would loſe his life rather than give it up.

I am aware that Didius, the great civilian, will conteſt this point; and cry out againſt me, whence comes this man's right to this apple? *ex confeſſo*, he will ſay—things were in a ſtate of nature—The apple as much Frank's apple as John's. Pray, Mr. Shandy, what patent has he to ſhew for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it, when he ſet his heart upon it? or when he gathered it? or when he chewed it? or when he roaſted it? or when he peeled, or when he brought it home? or when he digeſted? or when he——?——. For 'tis plain, ſir, if the firſt picking up of the apple made it not his—that no ſubſequent act could.

Brother Didius, Tribonius will anſwer—(now Tribonius the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half and three eights longer than Didius his beard—I'm glad he takes up the cudgles for me, ſo I give myſelf no farther trouble about the anſwer)—Brother Didius, Tribonius will ſay, it it a decreed caſe, as you may find it in the fragments of Gregorius and Hermogene's codes, and in all the codes from Juſtinian down to the codes of Louis and Des Eaux—that the ſweat of a man's brows, and the exſudations of a man's brains, are as much a man's own property as the breeches upon his backſide;—which ſaid exudations,

tions, &c. being dropped upon the ſaid apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indiſſolubly waſted, and as indiſſolubly annexed by the picker up, to the thing picked up, carried home, roaſted, peeled, eaten, digeſted, and ſo on;—'tis evident that the gatherer of the apple in ſo doing, has mixed up ſomething which was his own, with the apple which was not his own, by which means he has acquired property; —or, in other words, the apple is John's apple.

By the ſame learned chain of reaſoning my father ſtood up for all his opinions: he had ſpared no pain in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better ſtill was his title.——No mortal claimed them: they had coſt him moreover as much labour in cooking and digeſting as in the caſe above, ſo that they might well and truly be ſaid to be his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly he held faſt by 'em, both by teeth and claws—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on—and, in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breaſt-works, as my uncle Toby would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this—the ſcarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in caſe of a ſmart attack; inaſmuch as few men of great genius had exerciſed their parts in writing books upon the ſubject of great noſes. By the trotting of my lean horſe, the thing is incredible! and I am quite loſt in my underſtanding when I am conſidering what a treaſure of precious time and talents together has been waſted upon worſe ſubjects—and how many millions of books in all languages, and in all poſſible types and bindings, have been fabricated upon points not half ſo much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world. What was to be had, however, he ſet the greater ſtore by; and though my father would oft-times ſport with my uncle Toby's library—which, by-the-bye, was ridiculous enough—yet at the very ſame time he did it, he collected every book and treatiſe which had been ſyſtematically wrote upon noſes, with as much care as my honeſt uncle Toby had done thoſe upon military architecture.

chitecture.——'Tis true, a much leſs table would have held them—but that was not thy tranſgreſſion, my dear uncle.——

Here—but why here—rather than in any other part of my ſtory—I am not able to tell;—but here it is,—my heart ſtops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodneſs.——Here let me thruſt my chair aſide, and kneel down upon the ground, whilſt I am pouring forth the warmeſt ſentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's boſom.—Peace and comfort reſt for evermore upon thy head!——Thou enviedſt no man's comforts—inſultedſt no man's opinions.——Thou blackenedſt no man's character—devouredſt no man's bread: gently, with faithful Trim behind thee, didſt thou amble round the little circle of thy pleaſures, joſtling no creature in thy way;—for each one's ſorrows, thou hadſt a tear—for each man's need, thou hadſt a ſhilling.

Whilſt I am worth one, to pay a weeder—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green ſhall never be grown up.—Whilſt there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle Toby, ſhall never be demoliſhed.

CHAP. V.

MY father's collection was not great, but to make amends, it was curious; and conſequently he was ſome time in making it. He had the great good fortune however to ſet off well, in getting Bruſcambille's prologue upon long noſes almoſt for nothing——for he gave no more for Bruſcambille than three half crowns; owing indeed to the ſtrong fancy which the ſtall-man ſaw my father had for the book the moment he laid his hands upon it.—There are not three Bruſcambilles in Chriſtendom——ſaid the ſtall-man, except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious. My father flung down the money as quick as lightning—took Bruſcambille into his boſom—hyed home from Piccadilly to Coleman-ſtreet with it, as he would have hyed

home with a treaſure, without taking his hand once off from Bruſcambille all the way.

To thoſe who do not yet know of which gender Bruſcambille is—inaſmuch as a prologue upon long noſes might eaſily be done by either—'twill be no objection againſt the ſimile—to ſay, that when my father got home, he ſolaced himſelf with Bruſcambille after the manner, in which, 'tis ten to one, your worſhip ſolaced yourſelf with your firſt miſtreſs—that is, from morning even unto night: which, by-the-bye, how delightful ſoever it may prove to the inamorato—is of little or no entertainment at all to by-ſtanders.—Take notice, I go no farther with the ſimile—my father's eye was greater than his appetite—his zeal greater than his knowledge—he cooled—his affections became divided—he got hold of Prignitz——purchaſed Scroderus, Andrea Paræus, Bouchet's Evening Conferences, and above all, the great and learned Hafen Slawkenbergius; of which, as I ſhall have much to ſay by-and-by—I will ſay nothing now.

CHAP. VI.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and ſtudy in ſupport of his hypotheſis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel diſappointment at firſt, than in the celebrated dialogue between Pamphagus and Cocles, written by the chaſte pen of the great and venerable Eraſmus, upon the various uſes and ſeaſonable applications of long noſes——Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one ſpot of riſing-ground to get aſtride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it: or if he is ſo nimble as to ſlip on—let me beg of you, like an unbacked filly, "to friſk it, to ſquirt it, to jump it, to "rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks "and ſhort kicks," till, like Tickletoby's mare, you break a ſtrap or a crupper, and throw his worſhip into the dirt.—You need not kill him.—

—And pray who was Tickletoby's mare?—'Tis juſt as diſcreditable and unſcholar-like a queſtion, ſir, as to have aſked what year *(ab urb. con.)* the ſecond Punic

war

war broke out.—Who was Tickletoby's mare!—Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read—or by the knowledge of the great ſaint Paraleipomenon—I tell you beforehand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without much reading, by which your reverence knows I mean much knowledge, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motley emblem of my work!) than the world, with all its ſagacity, has been able to unravel the many opinions, tranſactions, and truths which ſtill lie myſtically hid under the dark veil of the black one.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. VII.

"NIHIL *me pœnitet hujus nasi*," quoth Pamphagus; ——that is—"My nose has been the making of me."—"*Nec est cur pœniteat*," replies Cocles; that is, "How the duce should such a nose fail?"

The doctrine, you see, was laid down by Erasmus, as my father wished it, with the utmost plainness; but my father's disappointment was, in finding nothing more from so able a pen, but the bare fact itself; without any of that speculative subtilty or ambidexterity of argumentation upon it, which heaven had bestowed upon man on purpose to investigate truth, and fight for her on all sides. —My father pished and pughed at first most terribly—'tis worth something to have a good name. As the dialogue was of Erasmus, my father soon came to himself, and read it over and over again with great application, studying every word and every syllable of it thro' and thro' in its most strict and literal interpretation—he could still make nothing of it, that way. Mayhap there is more meant, than is said in it, quoth my father.——Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing——I'll study the mystic and the allegoric sense—here is some room to turn a man's self in, brother.

My father read on.—

Now I find it needful to inform your reverences and worships, that, besides the many nautical uses of long noses enumerated by Erasmus, the diagolist affirmeth that a long nose is not without its domestic conveniencies also; for that in a case of distress—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, *ad excitandum focum* (to stir up the fire.)

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father beyond measure, and had sown the seeds of verbal criticism as deep within him, as she had done the seeds of all other knowledge——so that he had got out his penknife, and was trying experiments upon the sentence, to see if he could not scratch some better sense into it.——I've got within a single letter, brother Toby, cried my

father, of Erafmus his myftic meaning.—You are ne[illegible] enough, brother, replied my uncle, in all confcience.—Pfhaw! cried my father, fcratching on——I might a[illegible] well be feven miles off.—I've done it—faid my fathe[illegible] fnapping his fingers.—See, my dear brother Toby, ho[illegible] I have mended the fenfe.——But you have marred [illegible] word, replied my uncle Toby.—My father put on h[illegible] fpectacles—bit his lip—and tore out the leaf in a paffio[illegible]

CHAP. VIII.

O Slawkenbergius! thou faithful analyzer of my Di[illegible] grazias—thou fad foreteller of fo many of the whi[illegible] and fhort turns which in one ftage or other of my li[illegible] have come flap upon me from the fhortnefs of my no[illegible] and no other caufe, that I am confcious of.—Tell m[illegible] Slawkenbergius! what fecret impulfe was it? what int[illegible] nation of voice? whence came it? how did it found [illegible] thy ears? art thou fure thou heard'ft it? which firft cri[illegible] out to thee—go—go, Slawkenbergius! dedicate the l[illegible] bours of thy life—neglect thy paftimes—call forth a[illegible] the powers and faculties of thy nature—macerate th[illegible] felf in the fervice of mankind, and write a grand Foli[illegible] for them, upon the fubject of their nofes.

How the communication was conveyed into Slawken[illegible] bergius's fenforium——fo that Slawkenbergius fhoul[illegible] know whofe finger touch'd the key——and whofe han[illegible] it was that blew the bellows—as Hafen Slawkenbergiu[illegible] has been dead and laid in his grave above fourfcore an[illegible] ten years—we can only raife conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was played upon, for aught I know, like one of Whitfield's difciples—that is, with fuch a diftinct intelligence, fir, of which of the two mafters it was that had been practifing upon his inftrument—as to make all reafoning upon it needlefs.

——For in the account which Hafen Slawkenbergius gives the world of his motives and occafions for writing, and fpending fo many years of his life upon this one work—towards the end of his prolegomena, which by-the-bye fhould have come firft—but the bookbinder has moft injudicioufly placed it betwixt the analytical contents of the book, and the book itfelf—he informs his reader,

reader, that ever ſince he had arrived at the age of diſcernment, and was able to ſit down coolly, and conſider within himſelf the true ſtate and condition of man, and diſtinguiſh the main end and deſign of his being;—or—to ſhorten my tranſlation, for Slawkenbergius's book is in Latin, and not a little prolix in this paſſage—ever ſince I underſtood, quoth Slawkenbergius, any thing—or rather what was what——and could perceive that the point of long noſes had been too looſely handled by all who had gone before;—have I, Slawkenbergius, felt a ſtrong impulſe, with a mighty and unreſiſtible call within me, to gird up myſelf to this undertaking.

And to do juſtice to Slawkenbergius, he has entered the liſt with a ſtronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man who had ever entered it before him——and indeed, in many reſpects deſerves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at leaſt, to model their books by——for he has taken in, ſir, the whole ſubject—examined every part of it *dialectically*—then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the colliſion of his own natural parts could ſtrike—or the profoundeſt knowledge of the ſciences had impowered him to caſt upon it——collating, collecting and compiling—begging, borrowing and ſtealing, as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the ſchools and porticos of the learned: ſo that Slawkenbergius his book may properly be conſidered, not only as a model—but as a thorough-ſtitched DIGEST and regular inſtitute of *noſes*, comprehending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cauſe it is that I forbear to ſpeak of ſo many (otherwiſe) valuable books and treatiſes of my father's collecting, wrote either, plump upon noſes—or collaterally touching them;—ſuch for inſtance as Prignitz, now lying upon the table before me, who, with infinite learning, and from the moſt candid and ſcholar-like examination of above four thouſand different ſkulls, in upwards of twenty charnel houſes in Sileſia, which he had rummaged——has informed us, that the menſuration and

and configuration of the offe us or boney parts of human nofes, in any given tract of country, except Crim Tartary, where they are all crufh'd down by the thumb, fo that no judgment can be formed upon them—are much nearer alike, than the world imagines;——the difference amongft them, being, he fays, a meer trifle, not worth taking notice of;—but that the fize and jollity of every individual nofe, and by which one nofe ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and mufcular parts of it, into whofe ducts and finufes the blood and animal fpirits being impell'd and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but a ftep from it (bating the cafe of ideots, whom Prignitz, who had lived many years in Turky, fuppofes under the more immediate tutelage of heaven)——it fo happens, and ever muft, fays Prignitz, that the excellency of the nofe is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the fame reafon, that is, becaufe 'tis all comprehended in Slawkenbergius, that I fay nothing likewife of Scroderus (Andrea) who, all the world knows, fet himfelf to oppugn Prignitz with great violence——proving it in his own way, firft logically, and then by a feries of ftubborn facts, "That fo far was Prignitz from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the nofe, that on the contrary——the nofe begat the fancy."

—The learned fufpected Scroderus of an indecent fophifm in this——and Prignitz cried out aloud in the difpute, that Scroderus had fhifted the idea upon him—but Scroderus went on, maintaining his thefis.

My father was juft balancing within himfelf, which of the two fides he fhould take in this affair, when Ambrofe Paræus decided it in a moment, and by overthrowing the fyftems, both of Prignitz and Scroderus, drove my father out of both fides of the controverfy at once.

Be witnefs——

I don't acquaint the learned reader—in faying it, I mention it only to fhew the learned, I know the fact myfelf——

That

That this Ambroſe Paræus was chief ſurgeon and noſe-mender to Francis the ninth of France, and in high credit with him and the two preceding or ſucceeding kings (I know not which)—and that, except in the ſlip he had made in his ſtory of Taliacotius's noſes, and his manner of ſetting them on——he was eſteemed by the whole college of phyſicians at that time, as more knowing in matters of noſes, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now Ambroſe Paræus convinced my father, that the true and efficient cauſe of what had engaged ſo much the attention of the world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had waſted ſo much learning and fine parts ——was neither this nor that—but that the length and goodneſs of the noſe was owing ſimply to the ſoftneſs and flaccidity in the nurſe's breaſt—as the flatneſs and ſhortneſs of puiſne noſes was to the firmneſs and elaſtic repulſion of the ſame organ of nutrition in the hale and lively—which, though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inaſmuch as his noſe was ſo ſnubb'd, ſo rebuff'd, ſo rebated, and ſo refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad menſuram ſuam legitimam*; —but that in caſe of the flaccidity and ſoftneſs of the nurſe or mother's breaſt—by ſinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into ſo much butter, the noſe was comforted, nouriſh'd, plump'd up, refreſh'd, refocillated, and ſet a growing for ever.

I have but two things to obſerve of Paræus; firſt, that he proves and explains all this with the utmoſt chaſtity and decorum of expreſſion:—for which may his ſoul for ever reſt in peace!

And, ſecondly, that beſides the ſyſtems of Prignitz and Scroderus, which Ambroſe Paræus his hypotheſis effectually overthrew—it overthrew at the ſame time the ſyſtem of peace and harmony of our family; and for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turn'd likewiſe the whole houſe, and every thing in it, except my uncle Toby, quite upſide down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a diſpute between a man and his

his wife, never ſurely in any age or country got vent through the key-hole of a ſtreet-door.

My mother, you muſt know—but I have fifty things more neceſſary to let you know firſt—I have a hundred difficulties which I have promiſed to clear up, and a thouſand diſtreſſes and domeſtic miſadventures, crouding in upon me thick and threefold, one upon the neck of another.—A cow broke in (to-morrow morning) to my uncle Toby's fortifications, and eat up two ratios and a half of dried graſs, tearing up the ſods with it, which faced his horn-work and covered way.—Trim inſiſts upon being tried by a court-martial——the cow to be ſhot—Slop to be crucifix'd—myſelf to be triſtram'd, and at my very baptiſm made a martyr of;—poor unhappy devils that we all are!—I want ſwaddling—but there is no time to be loſt in exclamations—I have left my father lying acroſs his bed, and my uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, ſitting beſide him, and promiſed I would go back to them in half an hour; and five-and-thirty minutes are laps'd already.——Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever ſeen in——this certainly is the greateſt; for I have Hafen Slawkenbergius's folio, ſir, to finiſh—a dialogue between my father and my uncle Toby, upon the ſolution of Prignitz, Scroderus, Ambroſe Paræus, Panocrates, and Grangouſier to relate—a tale out of Slawkenbergius to tranſlate, and all this in five minutes leſs than no time at all;——ſuch a head!——would to heaven my enemies only ſaw the inſide of it!

CHAP. IX.

THERE was not any one ſcene more entertaining in our family—and to do it juſtice in this point;—and I here put off my cap, and lay it upon the table cloſe beſide my ink-horn, on purpoſe to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more ſolemn—that I believe in my ſoul (unleſs my love and partiality to my underſtanding blinds me) the hand of the ſupreme Maker and firſt Deſigner of all things never made or put a family together (in that period at leaſt of it which I have ſat down to write the ſtory of)——where the characters

racters of it were caſt or contraſted with ſo dramatic a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording ſuch exquiſite ſcenes, and the powers of ſhifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intruſted with ſo unlimited a confidence, as in the Shandy family.

Not any one of theſe was more diverting, I ſay, in this whimſical theatre of ours—than what frequently aroſe out of this ſelf-ſame chapter of long noſes—eſpecially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would ſerve him but to heat my uncle Toby's too.

My uncle Toby would give my father all poſſible fair play in this attempt: and with infinite patience would ſit ſmoaking his pipe for whole hours together, whilſt my father was practiſing upon his head, and trying every acceſſible avenue to drive Prignitz and Scroderus's ſolutions into it.

Whether they were above my uncle Toby's reaſon—or contrary to it—or that his brain was like damp timber, and no ſpark could poſſibly take hold——or that it was ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds, curtains, and ſuch military diſqualifications to his ſeeing clearly into Prignitz and Scroderus's doctrines—I ſay not—let ſchoolmen—ſcullions, anatomiſts, and engineers, fight for it among themſelves——

'Twas ſome misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to tranſlate for the benefit of my uncle Toby, and render out of Slawenbergius's Latin, of which, as he was no great maſter, his tranſlation was not always of the pureſt—and generally leaſt ſo where 'twas moſt wanted.—This naturally opened a door to a ſecond misfortune;—that in the warmer paroxyſms of his zeal to open my uncle Toby's eyes——my father's ideas ran on as much faſter than the tranſlation, as the tranſlation outmoved my uncle Toby's—neither one or the other added much to the perſpicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP. X.

THE gift of ratiocination and making syllogisms——I mean in man—for in superior classes of beings, such as angels and spirits——'tis all done, may it please your worships, as they tell me, by INTUITION;—and beings inferior, as your worships all know——syllogize by their noses: though there is an island swimming in the sea (though not altogether at its ease) whose inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are so wonderfully gifted, as to syllogize after the same fashion, and oft-times to make very well out too:——but that's neither here nor there——

The gift of doing it as it should be, amongst us, or —the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or disagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus*;) just as a man, as Locke well observes, by a yard, finds two men's nine-pin-alleys to be of the same length, which could not be brought together, to measure their equality, by *juxta-position*.

Had the same great reasoner looked on, as my father illustrated his systems of noses, and observed my uncle Toby's deportment—what great attention he gave to every word—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful seriousness he contemplated the length of it——surveying it transversely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb——then foreright——then this way, and then that, in all its possible directions and foreshortenings——he would have concluded my uncle Toby had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was syllogizing and measuring with it the truth of each hypothesis of long noses, in order as my father laid them before him. This, by the bye, was more than my father wanted——his aim in all the pains he was at in these philosophic lectures—was to enable my uncle Toby not to discuss——but comprehend——to hold the grains and scruples of learning——not to weigh them.——My uncle Toby, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

'TIS a pity, cried my father, one winter's night, after a three hours painful tranſlation of Slawkenbergius ——'tis a pity, cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark, as he ſpoke—— that truth, brother Toby, ſhould ſhut herſelf up in ſuch impregnable faſtneſſes, and be ſo obſtinate as not to ſurrender herſelf ſometimes up upon the cloſeſt ſiege.——

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my uncle Toby's fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of Prignitz to him—having nothing to ſtay it there, had taken a ſhort flight to the bowling-green;—his body might as well have taken a turn there too —ſo that with all the ſemblance of a deep ſchool-man intent upon the *medius terminus*—my uncle Toby was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all its pros and cons, as if my father had been tranſlating Hafen Slawkenbergius from the Latin tongue into the Cherokee. But the word *ſiege*, like a taliſmanic power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my uncle Toby's fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch—he open'd his ears——and my father obſerving that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and ſhuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a deſire to profit—my father with great pleaſure began his ſentence again——changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the ſiege of it, to keep clear of ſome dangers my father apprehended from it.

'Tis a pity, ſaid my father, that truth can only be on one ſide, brother Toby——conſidering what ingenuity theſe learned men have all ſhewn in their ſolutions of noſes.—Can noſes be diſſolved? replied my uncle Toby.

My father thruſt back his chair——roſe up—put on his hat——took four long ſtrides to the door——jerked it open——thruſt his head half way out——ſhut the door again——took no notice of the bad hinge——returned to the table—pluck'd my mother's thread-paper out of Slawkenbergius's book——went haſtily to his bureau—walk'd ſlowly back, twiſted my my mother's thread-paper about his thumb—unbutton'd his waiſtcoat

—threw

—threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire——bit her ſatin pin-cuſhion in two, fill'd his mouth with bran—confounded it;—but mark!—the oath of confuſion was levell'd at my uncle Toby's brain—which was e'en confuſed enough already——the curſe came charged only with the bran—the bran, may it pleaſe your honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's paſſions laſted not long; for ſo long as they did laſt, they led him a buſy life on't: and it is one of the moſt unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my obſervations of human nature, that nothing ſhould prove my father's mettle ſo much, or make his paſſions go off ſo like gun-powder, as the unexpected ſtrokes his ſcience met with from the quaint ſimplicity of my uncle Toby's queſtions.——Had ten dozen of hornets ſtung him behind in ſo many different places all at one time—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer ſeconds——or ſtarted half ſo much, as with one ſingle *quære* of three words unſeaſonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horſical career.

'Twas all one to my uncle Toby——he ſmoaked his pipe on with unvaried compoſure—his heart never intended offence to his brother—and as his head could ſeldom find out where the ſting of it lay——he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himſelf.——He was five minutes and thirty-five ſeconds about it in the preſent caſe.

By all that's good! ſaid my father, ſwearing, as he came to himſelf, and taking the oath out of Ernulphus's digeſt of curſes——(though to do my father juſtice it was a fault (as he told Dr. Slop in the affair of Ernulphus) which he as ſeldom committed as any man upon earth.)——By all that's good and great! brother Toby, ſaid my father, if it was not for the aids of philoſophy, which befriend one ſo much as they do—you would put a man beſide all temper.——Why, by the ſolutions of noſes, of which I was telling you, I meant as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of different

different kinds of knowledge have given the world of the caufes of short and long nofes.——There is no caufe but one, replied my uncle Toby——why one man's nofe is longer than another's, but becaufe that God pleafes to have it fo.——That is Grangoufier's folution, faid my father.—'Tis he, continued my uncle Toby, looking up, and not regarding my father's interruption, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in fuch forms and proportions, and for fuch ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wifdom.——'Tis a pious account, cried my father, but not philofophical——there is more religion in it than found fcience. 'Twas no inconfiftent part of my uncle Toby's character——that he feared God, and reverenced religion.——So the moment my father finifhed his remark—my uncle Toby fell a whiftling Lillabullero with more zeal (though more out of tune) than ufual.—

What is become of my wife's thread-paper?

CHAP. XII.

NO matter—as an appendage to feamftreffy, the thread-paper might be of fome confequence to my mother—of none to my father, as a mark in Slawkenbergius. Slawkenbergius in every page of him was a rich treafure of inexhauftible knowledge to my father—he could not open him amifs; and he would often fay in clofing the book, that if all the arts and fciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were loft——fhould the wifdom and polices of governments, he would fay, through difufe, ever happen to be forgot, and all that ftatefmen had wrote, or caufed to be written, upon the ftrong or the weak fides of courts and kingdoms, fhould they be forgot alfo——and Slawkenbergius only left—there would be enough in him in all confcience, he would fay, to fet the world a-going again. A treafure therefore was he indeed! an inftitute of all that was neceffary to be known of nofes, and every thing elfe—at matin, noon, and vefpers was Hafen Slawkenbergius his recreation and delight; 'twas for ever in his hands——you would have fworn, Sir, it had been a canon's prayer-

prayer-book—ſo worn, ſo glazed, ſo contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all its parts, from one end even unto the other.

I am not ſuch a bigot to Slawkenbergius as my father;——there is a fund in him, no doubt: but in my opinion, the beſt, I don't ſay the moſt profitable, but the moſt amuſing part of Haſen Slawkenbergius, is his tales——and, conſidering he was a German, many of them told not without fancy:——theſe take up his ſecond book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decads, each decad containing ten tales——Philoſophy is not built upon tales; and therefore 'twas certainly wrong in Slawkenbergius to ſend them into the world by that name!——there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decads, which I own ſeem rather playful and ſportive, than ſpeculative—but in general they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of ſo many independent facts, all of them turning round ſomehow or other upon the main hinges of his ſubject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as ſo many illuſtrations upon the doctrines of noſes.

As we have leiſure enough upon our hands——if you give me leave, madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decad.

SLAWKENBERGII FABELLA*.

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, poſteriori in parte menſis Auguſti, peregrinus, mulo fuſco colore inſidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis induſiis, binis calceis, bracciſque fericis coccineis repleta Argentoratum ingreſſus eſt.

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret dixit, ſe apud Naſorum Promontorium fuiſſe, Francofurtum proficiſci, et Argentoratum, tranſitu ad fines Sarmatiæ menſis intervallo, reverſurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem ſuſpexit——Dî boni, nova forma naſi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, è quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inſeruit: et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu ſiniſtrâ, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et proceſſit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympaniſtam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidiſſe; itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci: neque vaginam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.——Nullam unquam habui, reſpondit peregrinus reſpiciens——ſeque comiter inclinans—hoc more geſto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentò progrediente, ut naſum tueri poſſim.

* As Hafen Sawkenbergius de Naſis is extremely ſcarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to ſee the ſpecimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his ſtory-telling Latin is much more conciſe than his philoſophic—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

SLAWKENBERGIUS's TALE.

IT was one cool refreſhing evening, at the cloſe of a very ſultry day, in the latter end of the month of Auguſt, when a ſtranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a ſmall cloak-bag behind him, containing a few ſhirts, a pair of ſhoes, and a crimſon ſattin pair of breeches, entered the town of Straſburg.

He told the centinel, who queſtioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the Promontory of *Noſes*—was going on to Frankfort—and ſhould be back again at Straſburg that day month, in his way to the borders of Crim Tartary.

The centinel looked up into the ſtranger's face——Never ſaw ſuch a noſe in his life!

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the ſtranger—ſo ſlipping his wriſt out of the loop of a black ribbon, to which a ſhort ſcymetar was hung, he put his hand into his pocket, and with great courteſy touching the forepart of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right—he put a florin into the centinel's hand, and paſſed on.

It grieves me, ſaid the centinel, ſpeaking to a little dwarfiſh bandy-legged drummer, that ſo courteous a ſoul ſhould have loſt his ſcabbard——he cannot travel without one to his ſcymetar, and will not be able to get a ſcabbard to fit it in all Straſburg.——I never had one, replied the ſtranger, looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he ſpoke——I carry it, continued he, thus—holding up his naked ſcymetar, his mule moving on ſlowly all the time, on purpoſe to defend my noſe.

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, reſpondit miles.

Nihili æſtimo, ait ille tympaniſta, e pergamenâ factitius eſt.

Prout chriſtianus ſum, inquit miles, naſus ille, ni ſexties major ſit, meo eſſet conformis.

Crepitare audivi, ait tympaniſta.

Mehercule! ſanguinem emiſit, reſpondit miles.

Miſeret me, inquit tympaniſta, qui non ambo tetigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympaniſtam, diſceptabatur ibidem tubicine et uxore ſuâ, qui tunc acceſſerunt, et peregrino prætereunte, reſtiterunt.

Quantus naſus! æque longus eſt, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut ſternutamento audias.

Tantum abeſt, reſpondit illa, quod fiſtulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus eſt, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, reſpondit uxor.

Rurſum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus eſt.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim, digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini gradu lento progreſſus eſt, ut unumquodque verbum controverſiæ, non tantum inter militem et tympaniſtam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum frœna demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus poſitis, (mulo lentè progrediente,) nequaquam, ait ille reſpiciens, non neceſſe eſt ut res iſthæc dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus naſus nunquam tangetur, dum ſpiritus hos regret artus—Ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgomagiſtri.

Peregrinus

It is well worth it, gentle ſtranger, replied the centinel.

——'Tis not worth a ſingle ſtiver, ſaid the bandy-legged drummer——'tis a noſe of parchment.

As I am a true catholic—except that it is ſix times as big—'tis a noſe, ſaid the centinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, ſaid the drummer.

By dunder, ſaid the centinel, I ſaw in bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legged drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this diſpute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer—was the ſame point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were juſt coming up, and had ſtopped to ſee the ſtranger paſs by.

Benedicity!——What a noſe! 'tis as long, ſaid the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the ſame metal, ſaid the trumpeter, as you hear by its ſneezing.

'Tis as ſoft as a flute, ſaid ſhe.

—'Tis braſs, ſaid the trumpeter.

—'Tis a pudding's end, ſaid his wife.

I tell thee again, ſaid the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen noſe.

I'll know the bottom of it, ſaid the trumpeter's wife; for I will touch it with my finger before I ſleep.

The ſtranger's mule moved on at ſo ſlow a rate, that he heard every word of the diſpute not only betwixt the centinel and the drummer, but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

No! ſaid he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breaſt, the one over the other in a ſaint-like poſition (his mule going on eaſily all the time:) No! ſaid he, looking up—I am not ſuch a debtor to the world——ſlandered and diſappointed as I have been—as to give it that conviction ——No! ſaid he, my noſe ſhall never be touched whilſt Heaven gives me ſtrength——To do what? ſaid the burgomaſter's wife.

 The

Peregrinus illi non respondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis sancto Nicolao; quo facto, sinum dextrum inferens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu processit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diversorium templo ex adversum ducit.

Peregrinus mulo descendens stabulo includi, et manticam inferri jussit: quâ apertâ et coccineis sericis femoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato Περιζωματὲ, his sese induit, statimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aspicit; illico cursum flectit, metuens ne nasus suus exploraretur, atque ad diversorium regressus est—exuit se vestibus; braccas coccineas sericas manticæ imposuit, mulumque educi jussit.

Francofurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curâsti hoc jumentum? (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticamque meam, plus sexcentis mille passibus portavit.

Longa via est! respondet hospes, nisi plurimum esset negoti.—Enimverò, ait peregrinus, a Nasorum Promontorio redii, et nasum speciosissimum egregiosissimumque, quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi!

Dum

The ſtranger took no notice of the burgomaſter's wife —he was making a vow to Saint Nicolas; which done, having uncroſſed his arms with the ſame ſolemnity with which he croſſed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left hand, and putting his right hand into his boſom, with his ſcymetar hanging looſely to the wriſt of it, he rode on as ſlowly as one foot of the mule could follow another through the principal ſtreets of Straſburg, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place, over-againſt the church.

The moment the ſtranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the ſtable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimſon ſattin breeches, with a ſilver fringed—(appendage to them, which I dare not tranſlate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece, on, and forthwith, with his ſhort ſcymetar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The ſtranger had juſt taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the oppoſite ſide of it—ſo turning ſhort, in pain leſt his noſe ſhould be attempted, he inſtantly went back to his inn— undreſſed himſelf, packed up his crimſon ſattin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, ſaid the ſtranger, for Frankfort——and ſhall be back at Straſburg this day month.

I hope, continued the ſtranger, ſtroking down the face of his mule with his left hand as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful ſlave of mine—it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above ſix hundred leagues.

——'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the maſter of the inn——unleſs a man has great buſineſs.——Tut! tut! ſaid the ſtranger, I have been at the Promontory of Noſes; and have got me one of the goodlieſt, thank Heaven, that ever fell to a ſingle man's lot.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem de seipso reddit, hospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur——Per sanctos sanctasque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasis duodecim maximis in toto Argentorato major est!—estne, ait illa, mariti in aurem insusurrans, nonne est nasus prægrandis?

Dolus inest, anime mî, ait hospes—nasus est falsus.

Verus est, respondit uxor——
Ex abiete factus est, ait ille, terebinthinum olet——

Carbunculus inest, ait uxor.
Mortuus est nasus, respondit hospes.
Vivus est, ait illa,——et si ipsa vivam, tangam.

Votum feci sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, nasum meum intactum fore usque ad—Quodnam tempus? illicò respondit illa.

Minimò tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compositis,) usque ad illam horam——Quam horam? ait illa——Nullam, respondit peregrinus, donec pervenio ad—Quem locum,—obsecro! ait illa——Peregrinus nil respondens mulo conscenso discessit.

Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the stranger's nose—By Saint Radagunda, said the inn-keeper's wife to herself, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together in all Strasburg! Is it not, said she, whispering her husband in the ear, is it not a noble nose?

'Tis an imposture, my dear, said the master of the inn—— 'tis a false nose.

'Tis a true nose, said his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, said he; I smell the turpentine.——

There's a pimple on it, said she.

'Tis a dead nose, replied the inn-keeper.

'Tis a live nose; and if I am alive myself, said the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to Saint Nicolas this day, said the stranger, that my nose shall not be touched till——Here the stranger, suspending his voice, looked up——Till when? said she hastily.

It never shall be touched, said he, clasping his hands and bringing them close to his breast, till that hour—What hour? said the inn-keeper's wife.——Never!——never! said the stranger, never till I am got——For Heaven's sake, into what place? said she——The stranger rode away without saying a word.

The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards Frankfort before all the city of Strasburg was in an uproar about his nose. The Compline bells were just ringing to call the Strasburgers to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no soul in all Strasburg heard 'em—the city was like a swarm of bees——men, women, and children (the Compline bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there—in at one door, out at another——this way and that way—long ways and cross-ways—up one street, down another street——in at this alley, out of that——did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? Oh! did you see it?——who saw it? who did see it? for mercy's sake, who saw it?

Alack

Alack o' day! I was at vespers! I was washing, I was starching, I was scouring, I was quilting——God help me! I never saw it——I never touched it!——Would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every street and corner of Strasburg.

Whilst all this confusion and disorder triumphed throughout the great city of Strasburg, was the courteous stranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to Frankfort, as if he had no concern at all in the affair——talking all the way he rode in broken sentences, sometimes to his mule—sometimes to himself—sometimes to his Julia.

O Julia, my lovely Julia!—nay I cannot stop to let thee bite that thistle—that ever the suspected tongue of a rival should have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of tasting it.——

——Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thistle—never mind it——thou shalt have a better supper at night.

Banished from my country—my friends—from thee.—

Poor devil, thou'rt sadly tired with thy journey!——come—get on a little faster—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two shirts——a crimson sattin pair of breeches, and a fringed——Dear Julia!

——But why to Frankfort?—is it that there is a hand unfelt, which secretly is conducting me through these meanders and unsuspected tracts?

——Stumbling! by Saint Nicolas! every step—why at this rate we shall be all night in getting in——

——To happiness——or am I to be the sport of fortune and slander—destined to be driven forth unconvicted——unheard——untouched——if so, why did I not stay at Strasburg, where justice—but I had sworn! Come, thou shalt drink—to Saint Nicolas—O Julia! What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man, &c.

The stranger rode on, communing in this manner with his mule and Julia—till he arrived at his inn, where, as soon as he arrived, he alighted——saw his mule, as he had promised it, taken good care of—took off his cloak-bag, with his crimson sattin breeches, &c.

in

in it—called for an omelet to his ſupper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell faſt aſleep.

It was now about the ſame hour, when the tumult in Straſburg being abated for that night,—the Straſburgers had all got quietly into their beds—but not like the ſtranger, for the reſt either of their minds or bodies; queen Mab, like an elf as ſhe was, had taken the ſtranger's noſe, and, without reduction of its bulk, had that very night been at the pains of ſlitting and dividing it into as many noſes of different cuts and faſhions, as there were heads in Straſburg to hold them. The abbeſs of Quedlingberg, who with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, the ſub-chantreſs, and ſenior canoneſs, had that week come to Straſburg to conſult the univerſity upon a caſe of conſcience relating to their placket-holes——was ill all the night.

The courteous ſtranger's noſe had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made ſuch rouſing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of ſleep the whole night through for it——there was no keeping a limb ſtill amongſt them——in ſhort, they got up like ſo many ghoſts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of Saint Francis ——the nuns of mount Calvary——the Præmonſtratenſes——the Clunienſes*——the Carthuſians, and all the ſeverer orders of nuns, who lay that night in blankets or hair cloth, where ſtill in a worſe condition than the abbeſs of Quedlingberg—by tumbling and toſſing, and toſſing and tumbling from one ſide of their beds to the other the whole night long——the ſeveral ſiſterhoods had ſcratch'd and mawl'd themſelves all to death—— they got out of their beds almoſt flayed alive——every body thought Saint Antony had viſited them for probation

* Hafen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine nuns of Cluny, founded in the year 940, by Odo, Abbé de Cluny.

tion with his fire——they had never once, in ſhort, ſhut their eyes the whole night long from veſpers to matins.

The nuns of Saint Urſula acted the wiſeſt—they never attempted to go to bed all.

The dean of Straſburg, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitulary aſſembled in the morning to conſider the caſe of buttered buns) all wiſhed they had followed the nuns of Saint Urſula's example.—

In the hurry and confuſion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven—there were no buttered buns to be had for breakfaſt in all Straſburg—the whole cloſe of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion——ſuch a cauſe of reſtleſſneſs and diſquietude, and ſuch a zealous enquiry into the cauſe of that reſtleſſneſs, had never happened in Straſburg, ſince Martin Luther, with his doctrines, had turned the city up-ſide down.

If the ſtranger's noſe took this liberty of thruſting himſelf thus into the diſhes* of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his noſe make of it, in thoſe of the laity!—'tis more than my pen, worn to the ſtump as it is, has power to deſcribe; though I acknowledge (cries Slawkenbergius, with more gaity of thought than I could have expected from him) that there is many a good ſimile now ſubſiſting in the world which might give my countrymen ſome idea of it; but at the cloſe of ſuch a folio as this, wrote for their ſakes, and in which I have ſpent the greateſt part of my life——though I own to them the ſimile is in being, yet would it not be unreaſonable in them to expect I ſhould have either time or inclination to ſearch for it? Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the riot and diſorder it occaſioned in the Straſburgers fantaſies was ſo general—ſuch an overpowering maſterſhip had it got of all the faculties of the Straſburgers

* Mr. Shandy's compliments to orators——is very ſenſible that Slawkenbergius has here changed his metaphor——which he is very guilty of;—that as a tranſlator, Mr. Shandy has all along done what he could to make him ſtick to it—but that here 'twas impoſſible.

burgers minds—ſo many ſtrange things, with equal confidence on all ſides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were ſpoken and ſworn to concerning it, that turned the whole ſtream of all diſcourſe and wonder towards it—every ſoul, good and bad—rich and poor—learned and unlearned—doctor and ſtudent—miſtreſs and maid—gentle and ſimple——nun's fleſh and woman's fleſh in Straſburg ſpent their time in hearing tidings about it—every eye in Straſburg languiſhed to ſee it—every finger—every thumb in Straſburg burned to touch it.

Now what might add, if any thing may be thought neceſſary to add, to ſo vehement a deſire—was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legged drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaſter's widow, the maſter of the inn, and the maſter of the inn's wife, how widely ſoever they all differed every one from another in their teſtimonies and deſcription of the ſtranger's noſe—they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to Frankfort, and would not return to Straſburg till that day month; and ſecondly, whether his noſe was true or falſe, that the ſtranger himſelf was one of the moſt perfect paragons of beauty—the fineſt made man—the moſt genteel!—the moſt generous of his purſe—the moſt courteous in his carriage that had ever entered the gates of Straſburg—that as he rode, with ſcymetar flung looſely to his wriſt, through the ſtreets—and walked with his crimſon ſattin breeches acroſs the parade—'twas with ſo ſweet an air of careleſs modeſty, and ſo manly withal——as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his noſe not ſtood in his way) of every virgin who had caſt her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a ſtranger to the throbs and yearnings of curioſity, ſo excited, to juſtify the abbeſs of Quedlingberg, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, and ſub-chantreſs, for ſending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: ſhe went through the ſtreets of Straſburg with her huſband's trumpet in her hand,——the beſt apparatus the ſtraitneſs of the time would allow her, for the illuſtration of her theory—ſhe ſtaid no longer than three days.

The centinel and bandy-legg'd drummer!—nothing on this ſide of old Athens could equal them! they read their lectures under the city gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chryſippus and a Crantor in their porticos.

The maſter of the inn, with his oſtler on his left hand, read his alſo in the ſame ſtile—under the portico or gateway of his ſtable-yard—his wife, hers more privately in a back-room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiſcuouſly—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marſhal'd them——in a word, each Straſburger came crowding for intelligence——and every Straſburger had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonſtrators in natural philoſophy, &c. that as ſoon as the trumpeter's wife had finiſhed the abbeſs of Quedlingberg's private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which ſhe did upon a ſtool in the middle of the great parade—ſhe incommoded the other demonſtrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the moſt faſhionable part of the city of Straſburg for her auditory——But when a demonſtrator in philoſophy (cries Slawkenbergius) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in ſcience can pretend to be heard beſides him?

Whilſt the unlearned, through theſe conduits of intelligence, were all buſied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where *Truth* keeps her little court—were the learned in their way as buſy in pumping her up through the conduits of dialectic induction——they concerned themſelves not with facts——they reaſoned—

Not one profeſſion had thrown more light upon this ſubject then the Faculty—had not all their diſputes about it run into the affair of wens and œdematous ſwellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and ſouls——the ſtranger's noſe had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous ſwellings.

It was demonſtrated however very ſatisfactorily, that ſuch a ponderous maſs of heterogeneous matter could not be congeſted and conglomerated to the noſe, whilſt the infant was *in Utero*, without deſtroying the ſtatical balance

balance of the fœtus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.——

——The opponents granted the theory——they denied the conſequences.

And if a ſuitable proviſion of veins, arteries, &c. ſaid they, was not laid in, for the due nouriſhment of ſuch a noſe, in the very firſt ſtamina and rudiments of its formation, before it came into the world (bating the caſe of wens,) it could not regularly grow and be ſuſtained afterwards.

This was all anſwered by a diſſertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the veſſels, and in the increaſe and prolongation of the muſcular parts to the greateſt growth and expanſion imaginable—In the triumph of which theory, they went ſo far as to affirm, that there was no cauſe in nature, why a noſe might not grow to the ſize of the man himſelf.

The reſpondents ſatisfied the world this event could never happen to them ſo long as a man had but one ſtomach and one pair of lungs——For the ſtomach, ſaid they, being the only organ deſtined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle—and the lungs the only engine of ſanguification—it could poſſibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it: or admitting the poſſibility of a man's overloading his ſtomach, nature had ſet bounds however to his lungs—the engine was of a determined ſize and ſtrength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time——that is, it could produce juſt as much blood as was ſufficient for one ſingle man, and no more; ſo that, if there was as much noſe as man——they proved a mortification muſt neceſſarily enſue; and foraſmuch as there could not be a ſupport for both, that the noſe muſt either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his noſe.

Nature accommodates herſelf to theſe emergencies, cried the opponents—elſe what do you ſay to the caſe of a whole ſtomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but half a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately ſhot off?

He

He dies of a plethora, ſaid they—or muſt ſpit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a conſumption.——

—It happens otherwiſe—replied the opponents.——It ought not, ſaid they.

The more curious and intimate enquirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the noſe at laſt, almoſt as much as the Faculty itſelf.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a juſt and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the ſeveral parts of the human frame to its ſeveral deſtinations, offices, and functions, which could not be tranſgreſſed but within certain limits—that nature, though ſhe ſported——ſhe ſported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians ſtuck much cloſer to the point before them than any of the claſſes of literati:——they began and ended with the word noſe; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ableſt of them ran his head againſt in the beginning of the combat, the whole controverſy had been ſettled at once.

A noſe, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood—and not only blood—but blood circulating in it to ſupply the phænomenon with a ſucceſſion of drops—(a ſtream being but a quicker ſucceſſion of drops, that is included, ſaid he.)——Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the ſtagnation of the blood——

I deny the definition——Death is the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body, ſaid his antagoniſt——Then we don't agree about our weapon, ſaid the logician—Then there is an end of the diſpute, replied the antagoniſt.

The civilians were ſtill more conciſe; what they offered being more in the nature of a decree——than a diſpute.

Such a monſtrous noſe, ſaid they, had it been a true noſe, could not poſſibly have been ſuffered in civil ſociety——and if falſe, to impoſe upon ſociety with ſuch

falſe

falſe ſigns and tokens, was a ſtill greater violation of its rights, and muſt have had ſtill leſs mercy ſhewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the ſtranger's noſe was neither true nor falſe.

This left room for the controverſy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the eccleſiaſtic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, ſince the ſtranger *ex mero motu* had confeſſed he had been at the Promontory of Noſes, and had got one of the goodlieſt, &c. &c.——To this it was anſwered, it was impoſſible there ſhould be ſuch a place as the Promontory of Noſes, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commiſſary of the biſhop of Straſburg undertook the advocates, explained this matter in a treatiſe upon proverbial phraſes, ſhewing them, that the Promontory of Noſes was a mere allegoric expreſſion, importing no more than that nature had given him a long noſe: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the underwritten authorities*, which had decided the point inconteſtibly, had it not appeared that a diſpute about ſome franchiſes of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

* Nonnulli ex noſtratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utun. Quinimo & Logiſtæ & Canoniſtæ——Vid. Parce Barne Jas in d. L. Provincial. Conſtitut. de conjec. vid. Vol. Lib. 4. Titul. 1. n. 7. quâ etiam in re conſpir. Om. de Promontorio Nas. Tichmak. ff. d. tit. 3 fol. 189. paſſim. Vid. Gloſ. de contrahend. empt. &c. necnon J. Scrudr. in cap. § refut. per totum. Cum his conſ. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phraſ. Belg. ad finem, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarenſ. de Antiq. Ecc. in Epiſc. Archiv. fid. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinſhoven Folio Argent. 1583, præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per federa, teſt. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

It happened—I muſt not ſay unluckily for Truth, becauſe they were giving her a lift another way in ſo doing—that the two univerſities of Straſburg——the Lutheran, founded in the year 1538 by Jacobus Surmis, counſellor of the ſenate,——and the Popiſh, founded by Leopold, arch-duke of Auſtria, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except juſt what the affair of the abbeſs of Quedlingberg's placket-holes required——) in determining the point of Martin Luther's damnation.

The Popiſh doctors had undertaken to demonſtrate *à priori*, that from the neceſſary influence of the planets on the twenty-ſecond day of October 1483——when the moon was in the twelfth houſe—Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the third—the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury, all got together in the fourth—that he muſt in courſe, and unavoidably, be a damn'd man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, muſt be damn'd doctrines too.

By inſpection into his horoſcope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio* (in reading this my father would always ſhake his head) in the ninth houſe, which the Arabians allotted to religion—it appeared that Martin Luther did not care one ſtive about the matter——and that from the horoſcope directed to the conjunction of Mars——they made it plain likewiſe, he muſt die curſing and blaſpheming——with the blaſt of which, his ſoul (being ſteep'd in guilt) failed before the wind, in the lake of hell fire.

*Hæc mira, ſatiſque horrenda. Planetarum coitio ſub Scorpio Aſteriſmo in nona cœli ſtatione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit Martinum Lutherum ſacrilegum hereticum, Chriſtianæ religionis hoſtem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoſcopi directione ad Martis coitum, religioſi mus obiit, ejus Anima ſceleſtiſſima ad infernos navigavit—ab Alecto, Tiſiphone, & Megara, flagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.

——Lucas Gauricus in Tractatu aſtrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

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The little objection of the Lutheran doctors to this was, that it must certainly be the soul of another man, born Oct. 22, 83, which was forced to sail down before the wind in that manner—inasmuch as it appeared from the register of Islaben in the county of Mansfelt, that Luther was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of October, but on the 10th of November, the eve of Martinmas day, from whence he had the name of Martin.

[——I must break off my translation for a moment; for if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the abbess of Quedlingberg——It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this passage of Slawkenbergius to my uncle Toby, but with triumph——not over my uncle Toby, for he never opposed him in it——but over the whole world.

—Now you see, brother Toby, he would say, looking up, "that christian names are not such indifferent "things;"——had Luther here been called by any other name but Martin, he would have been damned to all eternity——Not that I look upon Martin, he would add, as a good name——far from it——'tis something better than a neutral, and but a little——yet little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.

My father knew the weakness of this prop to his hypothesis, as well as the best logician could shew him——yet so strange is the weakness of man at the same time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make use of it; and it was certainly for this reason, that though there are many stories in Hafen Slawkenbergius's Decades full as entertaining as this I am translating, yet there is not one amongst them which my father read over with half the delight——it flattered two of his strangest hypotheses together——his *Names* and his *Noses*.——I will be bold to say, he might have read all the books in the Alex: .drian Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or passage in one, which hit two such nails as these upon the head at one stroke.]

The two universities of Strasburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther's navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right before the wind, as the Popish doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it—they were going to settle, in case he had sailed, how many points he was off; whether Martin had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon a lee-shore; and, no doubt, as it was an enquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of *Navigation*, they had gone on with it in spite of the size of the stranger's nose, had not the size of the stranger's nose drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about ——it was their business to follow.

The abbess of Quedlingberg and her four dignitaries was no stop; for the enormity of the stranger's nose running full as much in their fancies as their case of conscience——the affair of their placket-holes kept cold—in a word, the printers were ordered to distribute their types——all controversies dropp'd.

'Twas a square cap with a silver tassel upon the crown of it—to a nut shell—to have guessed on which side of the nose the two universities would split.

'Tis above reason, cried the doctors on one side.

'Tis below reason, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried one.

'Tis a fiddle-stick, said the other.

'Tis possible, cried the one.

'Tis impossible, said the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Nosarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinosarians; which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, said the Nosarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow's ear, replied the Antinosarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popish doctors——'Tis false, said their other opponents.——Infinite power is infinite power,—said the doctors who maintained

maintained the *reality* of the nose.—It extends only to all possible things, replied the Lutherans.

By God in heaven, cried the Popish doctors, he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of Strasburg.

Now the steeple of Strasburg being the biggest and the tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole world, the Antinosarians denied that a nose of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at least by a middle-siz'd man——The Popish doctors swore it could—The Lutheran doctors said No;—it could not.

This at once started a new dispute, which they pursued a great way upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God.—That controversy led them naturally into Thomas Aquinas, and Thomas Aquinas to the devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the dispute—it just served as a frigate to launch them into the gulph of school-divinity——and then they all sailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controversy about the attributes, *&c.* instead of cooling, on the contrary, had inflamed the Strasburgers imaginations to a most inordinate degree——The less they understood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it—they were left in all the distresses of desire unsatisfied——saw their doctors, the Parchmentarians, the Brassarians, the Turpentarians, on one side—the Popish doctors on the other, like Pantagruel and his companions in quest of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked out of sight.

——The poor Strasburgers left upon the beach!

——What was to be done?—No delay—the uproar increased——every one in disorder——the city gates set open.——

Unfortunate Strasburgers! was there in the storehouse of nature——was there in the lumber-rooms of learning——was there in the great arsenal of chance, one single engine left undrawn forth to torture your curiosities, and stretch your desires, which was not pointed

by

by the hand of Fate to play upon your hearts?——I dip not my pen into my ink to excuſe the ſurrender of yourſelves—'tis to write your panegyric. Shew me a city ſo macerated with expectation——who neither eat, or drank, or ſlept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature for ſeven-and-twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth the courteous ſtranger had promiſed to return to Straſburg.

Seven thouſand coaches (Slawkenbergius muſt certainly have made ſome miſtake in his numeral characters) 7000 coaches——15000 ſingle-horſe chairs——20000 waggons crowded as full as they could all hold with ſenators, counſellors, ſyndicks—beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches—The abbeſs of Quedlingberg, with the prioreſs, the deaneſs and ſub-chantreſs, leading the proceſſion in one coach, and the dean of Straſburg, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter, on her left-hand—the reſt following higglety-pigglety as they could; ſome on horſeback—ſome on foot——ſome led——ſome driven——ſome down the Rhine——ſome this way——ſome that——all ſet out at ſun-riſe to meet the courteous ſtranger on the road.

Haſt we now towards the cataſtrophe of my tale——I ſay Cataſtrophe (cries Slawkenbergius) inaſmuch as a tale, with parts rightly diſpoſed, not only rejoiceth (guadet) in the Cataſtrophe and Peripeitia of a Drama, but rejoiceth moreover in all the eſſential and integrant parts of it——it has its Protaſis, Epitaſis, Cataſtaſis, its Cataſtrophe or Peripeitia growing one out of the other in it, in the order Ariſtotle firſt planted them——without which a tale had better never be told at all, ſays Slawkenbergius, but be kept to a man's ſelf.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I Slawkenbergius, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule as I have done this of the ſtranger and his noſe.

——From his firſt parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of Straſburg, after pulling off his crimſon

son sattin pair of breeches, is the Protasis or first entrance ——where the characters of the Personæ Dramatis are just touched in, and the subject slightly begun.

The Epitasis, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its state or height called the Catastasis, and which usually takes up the 2d and 3d act, is included within that busy period of my tale, betwixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade; and from the first embarking of the learned in the dispute—to the doctors finally sailing away, and leaving the Strasburgers upon the beach in distress, is the Catastasis, or the ripening of the incidents and passions for their bursting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the setting out of the Strasburgers in the Frankfort road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth, and bringing the hero out of a state of agitation (as Aristotle calls it) to a state of rest and quietness.

This, says Hafen Slawkenbergius, constitutes the Catastrophe or Peripeitia of my tale—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the stranger behind the curtain asleep——he enters now upon the stage.

—What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man upon a horse—was the last word the stranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his master's word for it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horse pass by.

The traveller was hastening with all diligence to get to Strasburg that night.—What a fool am I, said the traveller to himself, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into Strasburg this night. —Strasburg!——the great Strasburg!——Strasburg, the capital of all Alsatia! Strasburg, an imperial city! Strasburg, a sovereign state! Strasburg, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world!—Alas! if I was at the gates of Strasburg this moment, I could

not

not gain admittance into it for a ducat—nay a ducat and half—'tis too much——better go back to the laſt inn I have paſſed——than lie I know not where——or give I know not what.

The traveller, as he made theſe reflections in his mind, turned his horſe's head about, and three minutes after the ſtranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the ſame inn.

——We have bacon in the houſe, ſaid the hoſt, and bread—and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it—but a ſtranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dreſſed into an omelet, and we have nothing—

—Alas! ſaid the traveller, harraſſed as I am, I want nothing but a bed.—I have one as ſoft as in all Alſatia, ſaid the hoſt.

——The ſtranger, continued he, ſhould have ſlept in it, for 'tis my beſt bed, but upon the ſcore of his noſe. ——He has got a defluction, ſaid the traveller.—Not that I know, cried the hoſt.—But 'tis a camp-bed, and Jacinta, ſaid he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his noſe in.—Why ſo? cried the traveller, ſtarting back.—It is ſo long a noſe, replied the hoſt.—The traveller fixed his eyes upon Jacinta, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right knee—had juſt got his hand laid upon his breaſt—Trifle not with my anxiety, ſaid he, riſing up again.—'Tis no trifle, ſaid Jacinta, 'tis the moſt glorious noſe!——The traveller fell upon his knee again——laid his hand upon his breaſt—then ſaid he, looking up to heaven! thou haſt conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage—'Tis Diego.

The traveller was the brother of the Julia ſo often invoked that night by the ſtranger as he rode from Straſburg upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in queſt of him. He had accompanied his ſiſter from Valadolid acroſs the Pyrenean mountains through France, and had many an entangled ſkein to wind off in purſuit of him through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracks.

——Julia had ſunk under it——and had not been able to get a ſtep farther than to Lyons, where, with the ma-

ny

disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of—but few feel—she sicken'd, but had just strength to write a letter to Diego; and having conjured her brother never to see her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, Julia took to her bed.

Fernandez (for that was her brother's name)——though the camp-bed was as soft as any one in Alsace, yet he could not shut his eyes in it.——As soon as it was day he rose, and hearing Diego was risen too, he entered his chamber, and discharged his sister's commission.

The letter was as follows:

"Seig. Diego,

"Whether my suspicions of your nose were justly excited or not——'tis not now to enquire—it is enough "I have not had firmness to put them to farther trial.

"How could I know so little of myself, when I sent "my Duenna to forbid your coming more under my "lattice? or how could I know so little of you, Diego, "as to imagine you would not have stayed one day "in Valadolid to have given ease to my doubts? Was I "to be abandoned, Diego, because I was deceived? or "was it kind to take me at my word, whether my suspicions were just or no, and leave me as you did, a prey "to much uncertainty and sorrow?

"In what manner Julia has resented this—my brother, when he puts this letter into your hands, will tell "you: he will tell you in how few moments she repented of the rash message she had sent you—in what "frantic haste she flew to her lattice, and how many days "and nights together she leaned immoveably upon her "elbow, looking through it towards the way which "Diego was wont to come.

"He will tell you, when she heard of your departure "—how her spirits deserted her——how her heart sicken'd——how piteously she mourned——how low she "hung her head. O Diego! how many weary steps has "my brother's pity led me by the hand languishing to "trace out yours! How far has desire carried me be-

"yond ſtrength—and how oft have I fainted by the way, "and ſunk into his arms, with only power to cry out— "O my Diego!

"If the gentleneſs of your carriage has not belied "your heart, you will fly to me, almoſt as faſt as you "fled from me—haſte as you will, you will arrive but "to ſee me expire—'Tis a bitter draught, Diego; but "oh! 'tis embittered ſtill more by dying *un*——." She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius ſuppoſes the word intended was *unconvinced*, but her ſtrength would not enable her to finiſh her letter.

The heart of the courteous Diego overflowed as he read the letter—he ordered his mule forthwith and Fernandez's horſe to be ſaddled; and as no vent in proſe is equal to that of poetry in ſuch conflicts—chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to diſeaſes, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window——Diego availed himſelf of it, and whilſt the hoſtler was getting ready his mule, he eaſed his mind againſt the wall as follows:

O D E.

Harſh and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unleſs my Julia ſtrikes the key,
Her hand alone can touch the part
Whoſe dulcet move-
ment charms the heart,
And governs all the man with ſympathetic ſway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural——for they were nothing at all to the purpoſe, ſays Slawkenbergius, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Seig. Diego was ſlow in compoſing verſes—or the hoſtler quick in ſaddling mules——is not averred; certain it was, that Diego's mule and Fernandez's horſe were ready at the door of the inn, before Diego was ready for

for his ſecond ſtanza; ſo without ſtaying to finiſh his ode, they both mounted, ſallied forth, paſſed the Rhine, traverſed Alſace, ſhaped their courſe towards Lyons, and before the Straſburgers and the abbeſs of Quedlingberg had ſet out on their cavalcade, had Fernandez, Diego, and his Julia, croſſed the Pyrenean mountains, and got ſafe to Valadolid.

'Tis needleſs to inform the geographical reader, that when Diego was in Spain, it was not poſſible to meet the courteous ſtranger in the Frankfort road; it is enough to ſay, that of all reſtleſs deſires, curioſity being the ſtrongeſt——the Straſburgers felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were toſſed to and fro in the Frankfort road, with the tempeſtuous fury of this paſſion, before they could ſubmit to return home. ——When alas! an event was prepared for them, of all other the moſt grievous that could befal a free people.

As this revolution of the Straſburgers affairs is often ſpoken of, and little underſtood, I will, in ten words, ſays Slawkenbergius, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand ſyſtem of univerſal monarchy, wrote by order of Monſ. Colbert, and put in manuſcript into the hands of Lewis the Fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that ſyſtem, was the getting poſſeſſion of Straſburg to favour an entrance at all times into Suabia, in order to diſturb the quiet of Germany—and that in conſequence of this plan, Straſburg unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of a few to trace out the true ſprings of this and ſuch like revolutions——The vulgar look too high for them.—Stateſmen look too low—Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one hiſtorian—The Straſburgers deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garriſon——ſo fell a prey to a French one.

The fate, ſays another, of the Straſburgers, may be a warning to all free people to ſave their money.——They anticipated their revenues—brought themſelves under taxes, exhauſted their ſtrength, and in the end became ſo weak a people they had not ſtrength to keep their gates ſhut, and ſo the French puſhed them open.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, 'twas not the French—'twas *curioſity* puſhed them open—The French indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they ſaw the Straſburgers, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the ſtranger's noſe——each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever ſince—but not from any cauſe which commercial heads have aſſigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noſes have ever ſo run in their heads, that the Straſburgers could not follow their buſineſs.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, making an exclamation—it is not the firſt—and I fear will not be the laſt fortreſs that has been either won—or loſt by Noſes.

The End of Slawkenbergius's Tale.

CHAP. XII.

WITH all this learning upon Noſes running perpetually in my father's fancy—with ſo many family prejudices——and ten decades of ſuch tales running on for ever along with them——how was it poſſible with ſuch exquiſite——was it a true noſe?——That a man with ſuch exquiſite feelings as my father had, could bear the ſhock at all below ſtairs——or indeed above ſtairs, in any other poſture, but the very poſture I have deſcribed?

——Throw yourſelf down upon the bed, a dozen times—taking care only to place a looking-glaſs firſt in a chair on one ſide of it, before you do it——But was the ſtranger's noſe a true noſe, or was it a falſe one?

To tell that before-hand, madam, would be to do injury to one of the beſt tales in the Chriſtian-world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decade which immediately follows this.

This tale, cried Slawkenbergius, ſomewhat exultingly, has been reſerved by me for the concluding tale of my whole work; knowing right well, that when I ſhall have told it, and my reader ſhall have read it through—'twould be even high time for both of us to ſhut up the book; inaſmuch, continues Slawkenbergius, as I know of no tale which could poſſibly ever go down after it.

——'Tis a tale indeed!

This ſets out with the firſt interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernandez left the courteous ſtranger and his ſiſter Julia alone in her chamber, and is overwritten,

The INTRICACIES of *Diego* and *Julia*.

Heavens! thou art a ſtrange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimſical view of the involutions of the heart of woman haſt thou opened! how this can ever be tranſlated; and yet if this ſpecimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquiſitiveneſs of his moral, ſhould pleaſe the world——tranſlated ſhall a couple of volumes be.—Elſe, how this can ever be tranſlated into good Engliſh, I have no ſort of conception——There ſeems in ſome paſſages to want a ſixth ſenſe to do it rightly.——What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of ſlow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone—which you know, madam, is little more than a whiſper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the ſtrings about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good underſtanding betwixt 'em.—I felt as if I underſtood it.—I had no ideas.——The movement could not be without cauſe.—I'm loſt. I can make nothing of it—unleſs, may it pleaſe your worſhips, the voice, in that caſe being little more than a whiſper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within ſix inches of each other—but to look into the pupils—is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided——for to look up to the cieling, in that caſe the two chins unavoidably meet——and to look down into each other's lap, the foreheads come to immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference—I mean to the ſen-

timental part of it.—What is left, madam, is not worth ftooping for.

CHAP. XIII.

MY father lay ftretched acrofs the bed as ftill as if the hand of death had pufhed him down, for a full hour and a half before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bedfide: my uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter for it.—— In a few moments, his left-hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber pot, came to its feeling——he thrufted it a little more within the valance——drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bofom——gave a hem! My good uncle Toby, with infinite pleafure, anfwered it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a fentence of confolation upon the opening it afforded; but having no talents, as I faid, that way, and fearing, moreover, that he might fet out with fomething which might make a bad matter worfe, he contented himfelf with refting his chin placidly upon the crofs of his crutch.

Now whether the compreffion fhortened my uncle Toby's face into a more pleafurable oval—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in feeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the fea of his afflictions, had braced up the mufcles—fo that the compreffion upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.——My father, in turning his eyes, was ftruck with fuch a gleam of funfhine in his face, as melted down the fullennefs of his grief in a moment.

He broke filence as follows.

CHAP. XIV.

DID ever man, brother Toby, cried my father, raifing himfelf round to his elbow, and turning himfelf round to the oppofite fide of the bed where my uncle Toby was fitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin refting upon his crutch—did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother Toby, cried my father, receive fo many lafhes? ——The moft I ever faw given, quoth my uncle Toby, (ringing

(ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim) was to a grenadier, I think in Makay's regiment.

——Had my uncle Toby ſhot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his noſe upon the quilt more ſuddenly.

Bleſs me! ſaid my uncle Toby.

C H A P. XV.

WAS it Makay's regiment, quoth my uncle Toby, where the poor grenadier was ſo unmercifully whipt at Bruges about the ducats?——O Chriſt! he was innocent! cried Trim, with a deep ſigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it pleaſe your honour, almoſt to death's door.—They had better have ſhot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.—I thank thee Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.—I never think of this, continued Trim, and my poor brother Tom's misfortunes, for we are all three ſchool-fellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim; I drop them oft-times myſelf, cried my uncle Toby.—I know your honour does, replied Trim, and ſo am not aſhamed of it myſelf.—But to think, may it pleaſe your honour, continued Trim, a tear ſtealing into the corner of his eyes as he ſpoke—to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honeſt as God could make them—the children of honeſt people, going forth with gallant ſpirits to ſeek their fortunes in the world—and fall into ſuch evils!—poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who ſold ſauſages—honeſt Dick Johnſon's ſoul to be ſcourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapſack!—O!—theſe are misfortunes, cried Trim,——pulling out his handkerchief—theſe are misfortunes, may it pleaſe your honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help bluſhing.

'Twould be a pity, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, thou ſhould'ſt ever feel ſorrow of thy own—thou feeleſt it ſo tenderly for others—Alack-o-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face—your honour knows I have nei-

ther wife or child—I can have no ſorrows in this world. ——My father could not help ſmiling.—As few as any man, Trim, replied my uncle Toby: nor can I ſee how a fellow of thy light heart can ſuffer, but from the diſtreſs of poverty in thy old age—when thou art paſt all ſervices, Trim—and haſt outlived thy friends.—An' pleaſe your honour, never fear, replied Trim, chearily.—But I would have thee never fear, Trim, replied my uncle; and therefore, continued my uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—in recompence, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodneſs of thy heart I have had ſuch proofs of—whilſt thy maſter is worth a ſhilling—— thou ſhalt never aſk elſewhere, Trim, for a penny. Trim attempted to thank my uncle Toby, but had not power —tears trickled down his cheeks faſter than he could wipe them off—He laid his hands upon his breaſt——made a bow to the ground, and ſhut the door.

—I have left Trim my bowling-green, cried my uncle Toby.—My father ſmiled.—I have left him moreover a penſion, continued my uncle Toby.—My father looked grave.

CHAP. XVI.

IS this a fit time, ſaid my father to himſelf, to talk of *Penſions* and *Grenadiers?*

CHAP. XVII.

WHEN my uncle Toby firſt mentioned the grenadier, my father, I ſaid, fell down with his noſe flat to the quilt, and as ſuddenly as if my uncle Toby had ſhot him; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father inſtantly relapſed with his noſe into the ſame preciſe attitude in which he lay firſt deſcribed; ſo that when Corporal Trim left the room, and my father found himſelf diſpoſed to riſe off the bed —he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, madam—'tis the tranſition from one attitude to another—like the preparation and reſolution of the diſcord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reaſon my father played the ſame jig over again with his toe upon the floor—puſhed the chamber-pot a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raiſed himſelf up upon his elbow—and was juſt beginning to addreſs himſelf to my uncle Toby, when recollecting the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt effort in that attitude—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn acroſs the room, he ſtopped ſhort before my uncle Toby; and laying the three firſt fingers of his right-hand in the palm of his left, and ſtooping a little, he addreſſed himſelf to my uncle Toby as follows.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHEN I reflect, brother Toby, upon MAN; and take a view of that dark ſide of him, which repreſents his life as open to ſo many cauſes of trouble—when I conſider, brother Toby, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting my father—but my commiſſion.—Zooks! ſaid my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a year?——What could I have done without it? replied my uncle Toby. ——That's another concern, ſaid my father teſtily—But I ſay, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all the croſs reckonings and ſorrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden reſources the mind is enabled to ſtand out, and bear itſelf up, as it does againſt the impoſitions laid upon our nature.——'Tis by the aſſiſtance of Almighty God, cried my uncle Toby, looking up, and preſſing the palms of his hands cloſe together—'tis not from our own ſtrength, brother Shandy—a centinel in a wooden centry-box might as well pretend to ſtand it out againſt a detachment of fifty men——We are upheld by the grace and the aſſiſtance of the beſt of Beings.

——That is cutting the knot, ſaid my father, inſtead of untying it——But give me leave to lead you, brother Toby, a little deeper into the myſtery.

With

With all my heart, replied my uncle Toby.

My father inſtantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is ſo finely painted by Raffael in his School of Athens; which your connoiſſeurſhip knows is ſo exquiſitely managed, that even the particular manner of the reaſoning of Socrates is expreſſed by it——for he holds the fore-finger of his left hand between the fore finger and thumb of his right, and ſeems as if he was ſaying to the libertine he is reclaiming—"*You grant me* this————and this: and this, and "this, I don't aſk of you—they follow of themſelves "in courſe."

So ſtood my father, holding faſt his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reaſoning with my uncle Toby as he ſat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worſted bobs——O Garrick! what a rich ſcene of this would thy exquiſite powers make! and how gladly would I write ſuch another to avail myſelf of thy immortality, and ſecure my own behind it.

CHAP. XIX.

THOUGH man is of all others the moſt curious vehicle, ſaid my father, yet at the ſame time 'tis of ſo ſlight a frame, and ſo totteringly put together, that the ſudden jerks and hard joſtlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overſet and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day—was it not, brother Toby, that there is a ſecret ſpring within us.—Which ſpring, ſaid my uncle Toby, I take to be religion.—Will that ſet my child's noſe on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and ſtriking one hand againſt the other.—It makes every thing ſtraight for us, anſwered my uncle Toby.—Figuratively ſpeaking, dear Toby, it may, for aught I know, ſaid my father; but the ſpring I am ſpeaking of, is that great and elaſtic power within us of counterbalancing evil, which, like a ſecret ſpring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the ſhock—at leaſt it impoſes upon our ſenſe of it.

Now, my dear brother, ſaid my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming cloſer to the point—had my child arrived ſafe into the world, unmartyr'd in that

that precious part of him——fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of Christian names, and of that magic bias which good or bad names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conducts—heaven is witness! that in the warmest transport of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour than what *George* or *Edward* would have spread around it.

But alas! continued my father, as the greatest evil has befallen him——I must counteract and undo it with the greatest good.

He shall be christened *Trismegistus*, brother.

I wish it may answer——replied my uncle Toby, rising up.

CHAP. XX.

WHAT a chapter of chances, said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing, as he and my uncle Toby were going down stairs—what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother Toby, and calculate it fairly——I know no more of calculation than this ballufter, said my uncle Toby (striking short of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a desperate blow souse upon his shin-bone)——'Twas a hundred to one—cried my uncle Toby——I thought, quoth my father, (rubbing his shin,) you had known nothing of calculations, brother Toby.—'Tis a mere chance, said my uncle Toby.—Then it adds one to the chapter—replied my father.

The double success of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his shin at once—it was well it so fell out—chance! (again)—or the world to this day had never known the subject of my father's calculation—to guess it—there was no chance——What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express, and in truth I have enough already upon my hands without it.—Have not I promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and wrong end of a woman? a chapter

upon

upon whiſkers? a chapter upon wiſhes?—a chapter of noſes?—No, I have done that—a chapter upon my uncle Toby's modeſty? to ſay nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finiſh before I ſleep—by my great grandfather's whiſkers, I ſhall never get half of them through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother Toby, ſaid my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps ſhould have the ill luck juſt to fall upon and break down that one part, which ſhould break down the fortunes of our houſe with it.

It might have been worſe, replied my uncle Toby.

I don't comprehend, ſaid my father.———Suppoſe the hip had preſented, ſaid my uncle Toby, as Dr. Slop foreboded?

My father reflected half a minute—looked down—touched the middle of his forehead ſlightly with his finger——

True, ſaid he.

CHAP. XXI.

IS it not a ſhame to make two chapters of what paſſed in going down one pair of ſtairs? for we are got no farther yet than to the firſt landing, and there are fifteen more ſteps down to the bottom; and for aught I know, as my father and my uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as ſteps:—let that be as it will, ſir, I can no more help it than my deſtiny:—A ſudden impulſe comes acroſs me——drop the curtain, Shandy—I drop it—Strike a line here acroſs the paper, Triſtram—I ſtrike it—and hey for a new chapter.

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myſelf by in this affair—and if I had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twiſt it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done—Am I warm? I am, and the cauſe demands it—a pretty ſtory! is a man to follow rules—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you muſt know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promiſed to write before I went to ſleep, I thought it meet to eaſe my conſcience entirely

before

before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to ſet out dogmatically with a ſententious parade of wiſdom, and telling the world a ſtory of a roaſted horſe—that chapters relieve the mind—that they aſſiſt—or impoſe upon the imagination—and that in a work of this dramatic caſt they are as neceſſary as the ſhifting of ſcenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguiſh the fire which roaſted him.——O! but to underſtand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana's temple—you muſt read Longinus—read away—if you are not a jot the wiſer by reading him the firſt time over—never fear—read him again—Avicenna and Licetus read Ariſtotle's metaphyſicks forty times through a piece, and never underſtood a ſingle word.—But mark the conſequence—Avicenna turned out a deſperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books *de omni ſcribili*; and for Licetus (Fortunio) though all the world knows he was born a fœtus *, of no more than five inches and a half in length, yet

* *Ce fœtus* n'étoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais ſon pere l'ayant éxaminé en qualité de Médecis, & ayant trouvé que c'étoit quelque choſe de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit tranſporter tout vivant à Rapallo, où il le fit voir à Jerôme Bardi & à d'autres Médecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui mauquoit rien d'eſſentiel à la vie; & ſon pere pour faire voir un eſſai de ſon experience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on ſe ſert pour faire écclorre les Poulets en Egypte. Il inſtruiſit une Nouriſſe de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre ſon fils dans un four proprement accommodé, il reuſſit à l'élever & a lui faire prendre ſes accroiſſemens neceſſaires, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrangere meſurée éxactement ſur les dégrés d'un Thermométre, ou d'un autre inſtrument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giuſtinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 223. 488.)

On auroit toujours été très ſatisfait de l'induſtrie d'un Pere ſi experimenté dans l'Art de la Géneration, quand il

yet he grew to that astonishing height in literature, as write a book with a title as long as himself—the learne know I mean his *Gonopsychanthropologia*, upon the ori gin of the human soul.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I ho to be the best chapter in my whole work; and take m word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed, as in picking straws.

CHAP. XXII.

WE shall bring all things to rights, said my father, setting his foot upon the first step from the landing—This Trismegistus, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle Toby—was the greatest (Toby) of all earthly beings—he was the greatest king—the greatest lawgiver—the greatest philosophe—and the greatest priest—and engineer—said my uncle Toby.

——In course, said my father.

CHAP. XXIII.

——AND how does your mistress? cried my father, taking the same step over again from the landing, and calling to Susannah, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a huge pin-cushion in her hand—how does your mistress? As well, said Susannah, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected.——

What

il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à son fils que pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d'années.

Mais quand on se represente que l'Enfant a vecu près de quatre-vingts ans, & que il a composé quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture——il faut convenir que tout ce qui est incroyable n'est pas toujours faux, & que la *Vraisemblance n'est pas toujours du côté de la Verité.*

Il n'avoit que dix neuf ans lorsqu'il composa Gonopsychanthropologia de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfans celebres, revûs & corrigés par M. De la Monnoye de l'Academie Françoise.)

What a fool am I, ſaid my father! drawing his leg back again—let things be as they will, brother Toby, 'tis ever the preciſe anſwer——And how is the child, pray?——No anſwer. And where is Dr. Slop? added my father, raiſing his voice aloud, and looking over the balluſters—Suſannah, was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, ſaid my father, croſſing the landing in order to ſet his back againſt the wall, whilſt he propounded it to my uncle Toby——of all the puzzling riddles, ſaid he, in a marriage ſtate,—of which you may truſt me, brother Toby, there are more aſſes loads than all Job's ſtock of aſſes could have carried——there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this—that from the very moment the miſtreſs of the houſe is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themſelves more airs upon that ſingle inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think rather, replied my uncle Toby, that 'tis we who ſink an inch lower.—If I meet but a woman with child—I do it.—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby—'Tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, ſhaking his head—Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing—ſaid my father, ſhaking his head too—but certainly ſince ſhaking of heads came into faſhion, never did two heads ſhake together, in concert, from two ſuch different ſprings.

God bleſs } 'em all——ſaid my uncle Toby, and my
Deuce take { father, each to himſelf.

CHAP. XXIV.

HOLLA!——you, chairman!——here's ſixpence—do ſtep into that bookſeller's ſhop, and call me a *day-tall* critic. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle Toby off the ſtairs, and to put them to bed.

—'Tis even high time; for except a ſhort nap, which they both got whilſt Trim was boring the jack-boots—and

and which, by-the-bye, did my father no ſort of good upon the ſcore of the bad hinge—they have not elſe ſhut their eyes, ſince nine hours before the time that Dr. Slop was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this—and to take up—Truce.

I will not finiſh that ſentence till I have made an obſervation opon the ſtrange ſtate of affairs between the reader and myſelf, juſt as things ſtand at preſent—an obſervation never applicable before to any one biographical writer ſince the creation of the world, but to myſelf—and I believe, will never hold good to any other, untill its final deſtruction—and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it muſt be worth your worſhips attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelvemonth; and having got, as you perceive, almoſt into the middle of my third volume—and no farther than to my firſt day's life—'tis demonſtrative that I have three hundred and ſixty-four days more life to write juſt now, than when I firſt ſet out; ſo that inſtead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am juſt thrown ſo many volumes back—was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this—And why not?—and the tranſactions and opinions of it to take up as much deſcription—And for what reaſon ſhould they be cut ſhort?—as at this rate I ſhould juſt live 364 times faſter than I ſhould write—It muſt follow, 'an pleaſe your worſhips, that the more I write, the more I ſhall have to write—and conſequently, the more your worſhips read, the more your worſhips will have to read.

Will this be good for your worſhips eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my *Opinions* will be the death of me, I perceive I ſhall lead a fine life of it out of this ſelf-ſame life of mine; or, in other words, ſhall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the propoſal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my proſpect—write

as

as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advises—I shall never overtake myself, whipp'd and driven to the last pinch; at the worst I shall have one day the start of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes——and two volumes will be enough for one year.—

Heaven prosper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us——as I trust its providence will prosper every thing else in it that is taken in hand.——

As for the propagation of Geese—I give myself no concern—Nature is all bountiful——I shall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend! you have got my father and my uncle Toby off the stairs, and seen them to bed?——And how did you manage it?——You dropped a curtain at the stair-foot—I thought you had no other way for it——Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XXV.

——THEN reach me my breeches off the chair, said my father to Susannah.——There is not a moment's time to dress you, Sir, cried Susannah——the child is as black in the face as my——As your what? said my father, for, like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparisons.—Bless me, Sir, said Susannah, the child's in a fit.—And where's Mr. Yorick?——Never where he should be, said Susannah; but his curate's in the dressing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name—and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him.

Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not——and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him——But he may recover.

No, no,——said my father to Susannah, I'll get up.——There is no time, cried Susannah, the child's as black

black as my ſhoe. Triſmegiſtus, ſaid my father—— But ſtay—thou art a leaky veſſel, Suſannah, added my father; canſt thou carry Triſmegiſtus in thy head, the length of the gallery without ſcattering?——can I? cried Suſannah, ſhutting the door in a huff.——If ſhe can, I'll be ſhot, ſaid my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Suſannah ran with all ſpeed along the gallery.

My father made all poſſible ſpeed to find his breeches.

Suſannah got the ſtart, and kept it—'Tis *Tris*—— ſomething, cried Suſannah—There is no Chriſtian name in the world, ſaid the curate, beginning with *Tris*—— but *Triſtram*. Then 'tis *Triſtram-giſtus*, quoth Suſannah.——

——There is no *giſtus*, to it, noodle!—'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he ſpoke, into the baſon—*Triſtram!* ſaid he, &c. &c. &c. &c. ſo Triſtram was I called, and Triſtram ſhall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed Suſannah with his night gown acroſs his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, faſtened, through haſte, with but a ſingle button, and that button, through haſte, thruſt only half into the button-hole.

——She has not forgot the name, cried my father, half opening the door—No, no, ſaid the curate, with a tone of intelligence.—And the child is better, cried Suſannah.—And how does your miſtreſs? As well, ſaid Suſannah, as can be expected.—Piſh, ſaid my father, the button of his breeches ſlipping out of the button-hole— So that whether the interjection was levelled at Suſannah, or the button-hole—whether Piſh was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modeſty, is a doubt, and muſt be a doubt till I ſhall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of *chamber-maids*, my chapter of *piſhes*, and my chapter of *button-holes*.

All the light I am able to give the reader at preſent is this, that the moment my father cried Piſh! he whiſked himſelf about—and with his breeches held up by one hand,

hand, and his night-gown thrown acroſs the arm of the other, he turned along the gallery to bed, ſomething ſlower than he came.

C H A P. XXVI.

I WISH I could write a chapter upon ſleep.

A fitter occaſion could never have preſented itſelf, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn——the candles put out——and no creature's eyes are open but a ſingle one, for the other has been ſhut theſe twenty years, of my mother's nurſe.

It is a fine ſubject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a ſingle chapter upon this.

Button-holes! there is ſomething lively in the very idea of 'em——and truſt me, when I get amongſt 'em——You gentry with great beards——look as grave as you will——I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I ſhall have 'em all to myſelf—'tis a maiden ſubject—I ſhall run foul of no man's wiſdom or fine ſayings in it.

But for ſleep——I know I ſhall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no dab at your fine ſayings in the firſt place—and in the next, I cannot for my ſoul ſet a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate——the enfranchiſement of the priſoner—the downy lap of the hopeleſs, the weary and the broken-hearted; nor could I ſet out with a lye in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the ſoft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleaſed to recompenſe the ſufferings wherewith his juſtice and his good pleaſure has wearied us——that this is the chiefeſt (I know pleaſures worth ten of it;) or what a happineſs it is to man, when the anxieties and paſſions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his ſoul ſhall be ſo ſeated within him, that whichever way ſhe turns her eyes, the Heavens ſhall look calm and ſweet above her—no deſire—or fear—or doubt that troubles the air, nor any difficulty paſt, preſent, or to come, that the imagination

nation may not paſs over without offence, in that ſweet ſeceſſion.

"God's bleſſing, ſaid Sancho Panca, be upon the "man who firſt invented this ſelf-ſame thing called ſleep "—it covers a man all over like a cloak." Now there is more to me in this, and it ſpeaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the diſſertations ſqueezed out of the heads of the learned together upon the ſubject.

—Not that I altogether diſapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it—'tis admirable in its way——(I quote my memory.)

The world enjoys other pleaſures, ſays he, as they do that of ſleep, without taſting or feeling it as it ſlips and paſſes by.—We ſhould ſtudy and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us.—For this end I cauſe myſelf to be diſturbed in my ſleep, that I may the better and more ſenſibly reliſh it.—— And yet I ſee few, ſays he again, who live with leſs ſleep, when need requires: my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and ſudden agitation——I evade of late all violent exerciſes——I am never weary with walking——but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements; I love to lie hard and alone, and even without my wife.——This laſt word may ſtagger the faith of the world—but remember, La Vraiſemblance (as Bayle "ſays in the affair of Liceti) n'eſt pas toujours du Côté "de la Verité." And ſo much for ſleep.

CHAP. XXVII.

IF my wife will but venture him—brother Toby, Triſmegiſtus ſhall be dreſſed and brought down to us, whilſt you and I are getting our breakfaſts together.—

Go, tell Suſannah, Obadiah, to ſtep here.

She is run up ſtairs, anſwered Obadiah, this very inſtant, ſobbing and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.

We ſhall have a rare month of it, ſaid my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wiſtfully in my uncle Toby's face for ſome time—we ſhall have a deviliſh month of it, brother Toby, ſaid my father, ſetting his arms a-kimbo, and ſhaking his head; fire, water,

ter, women, wind—brother Toby!—'Tis ſome misfortune, quoth my uncle Toby.——That it is, cried my father—to have ſo many jarring elements breaking looſe, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's houſe—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother Toby, that you and I poſſeſs ourſelves, and ſit here ſilent and unmoved——whilſt ſuch a ſtorm is whiſtling over our heads.——

And what's the matter, Suſannah? They have called the child Triſtram——and my miſtreſs is juſt got out of an hyſteric fit about it——No!—'Tis not my fault, ſaid Suſannah—I told him it was *Triſtram-giſtus*.

——Make tea for yourſelf, brother Toby, ſaid my father, taking down his hat——but how different from the ſallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine.

For he ſpake in the ſweeteſt modulation—and took down his hat with the genteeleſt movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

——Go to the bowling-green for Corporal Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſpeaking to Obadiah, as ſoon as my father left the room.

C H A P. XXVIII.

WHEN the misfortune of my *noſe* fell ſo heavily upon my father's head;—the reader remembers that he walked inſtantly up ſtairs, and caſt himſelf down upon his bed; and from hence, unleſs he has a great inſight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the ſame aſcending and deſcending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my *Name*;——no.

The different weight, dear Sir——nay even the different package of two vexations of the ſame weight——makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.——It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair ſheet, which I had juſt finiſhed, and carefully wrote out, ſlap into the fire, inſtead of the foul one.

Inſtantly I ſnatch'd off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top

of

of the room—indeed I caught it as it fell——but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing else in Nature would have given ſuch immediate eaſe: She, dear Goddeſs, by an inſtantaneous impulſe, in all provoking caſes, determines us to a ſally of this or that member—or elſe ſhe thruſts us into this or that place, or poſture of body, we know not why——But mark, madam, we live amongſt riddles and myſteries——the moſt obvious things, which come in our way, have dark ſides, which the quickeſt ſight cannot penetrate into; and even the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings amongſt us find ourſelves puzzled and at a loſs in almoſt every cranny of nature's works; ſo that this, like a thouſand other things, falls out for us in a way, which, though we cannot reaſon upon it—yet we find the good of it, may it pleaſe your reverences and your worſhips——and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life—nor could he carry it up ſtairs like the other——he walked compoſedly out with it to the fiſh-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reaſoned an hour which way to have gone——reaſon, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it; there is ſomething, Sir, in fiſh-ponds——but what it is, I leave to ſyſtem-builders and fiſh-pond-diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is ſomething, under the firſt diſorderly tranſport of the humours, ſo unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a ſober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any one of your noted law-givers, ever gave order about them.

CHAP. XXIX.

YOUR honour, ſaid Trim, ſhutting the parlour door before he began to ſpeak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident.——O yes, Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern.—I am heartily concerned too, but I hope your honour, replied Trim, will do me the juſtice to believe, that it was not in the leaſt

leaſt owing to me.——To thee—Trim?—cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face——'twas Suſannah's and the curate's folly betwixt them.——What buſineſs could they have together, an' pleaſe your honour, in the garden?——In the gallery, thou meaneſt, replied my uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong ſcent, and ſtopped ſhort with a low bow——Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himſelf, are twice as many at leaſt as are needful to be talked over at one time;——the miſchief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereafter.——Trim's caſuiſtry and addreſs, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all ſuſpicion in my uncle Toby, ſo he went on with what he had to ſay to Trim as follows:

——For my own part, Trim, though I can ſee little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called Triſtram or Triſmegiſtus—yet as the thing ſits ſo near my brother's heart, Trim——I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it ſhould have happened.——A hundred pounds, an' pleaſe your honour, replied Trim,——I would not give a cherry-ſtone to boot.——Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle Toby——but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this caſe——maintains that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon Chriſtian names, than what ignorant people imagine——for he ſays there never was a great or heroic action performed ſince the world began by one called Triſtram—nay, he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, or wiſe, or brave.——'Tis all fancy, an' pleaſe your honour—I fought juſt as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler.——And for my own part, ſaid my uncle Toby, though I ſhould bluſh to boaſt of myſelf, Trim——yet had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty.—Bleſs your honour! cried Trim, advancing three ſteps as he ſpoke, does a man think of his Chriſtian name when he goes upon the attack?——Or when he ſtands in the trench, Trim? cried my uncle

Toby,

Toby, looking firm.——Or when he enters a breach? ſaid Trim, puſhing in between two chairs.——Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, riſing up, and puſhing his crutch like a pike.——Or facing a platoon? cried Trim, preſenting his ſtick like a firelock.—Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle Toby, looking warm, and ſetting his foot upon his ſtool.——

CHAP. XXX.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fiſh-pond——and opened the parlour door in the very height of the attack, juſt as my uncle Toby was marching up the glacis—Trim recovered his arms—never was my uncle Toby caught in riding at ſuch a deſperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle Toby! had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadſt thou then and thy poor Hobby-horſe too been inſulted!

My father hung up his hat with the ſame air he took it down; and after giving a ſlight look at the diſorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over-againſt my uncle Toby, he ſat down in it, and as ſoon as the tea things were taken away, and the door ſhut, he broke out into a lamentation as follows.

My Father's Lamentation.

IT is in vain longer, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf as much to Ernulphus's curſe, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece——as to my uncle Toby who ſat under it——it is in vain longer, ſaid my father, in the moſt querulous monotony imaginable, to ſtruggle as I have done againſt this moſt uncomfortable of human perſuaſions——I ſee it plainly, that either for my own ſins, brother Toby, or the ſins and follies of the Shandy family, Heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heavieſt of its artillery againſt me; and that the proſperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play.——Such a thing would batter the whole univerſe about our ears, brother Shandy,

ſaid

ſaid my uncle Toby—if it was ſo—Unhappy Triſtram! child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! miſtake! and diſcontent! What one misfortune or diſaſter in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments! which has not fallen upon thy head, or ever thou cameſt into the world——what evils in thy paſſage into it!——what evils ſince!——produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days——when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble——when radical heat and radical moiſture, the elements which ſhould have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy ſtamina in, but negations—'tis pitiful—brother Toby, at the beſt; and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both ſides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother Toby——'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now——when the few animal ſpirits I was worth in the world, and with which memory, fancy, and quick parts ſhould have been convey'd——were all diſperſed, confuſed, confounded, ſcattered, and ſent to the devil.——

Here then was the time to have put a ſtop to this perſecution againſt him;——and tried an experiment at leaſt——whether calmneſs and ſerenity of mind in your ſiſter, with a due attention, brother Toby, to her evacuations and repletions——and the reſt of her non-naturals, might not, in a courſe of nine months geſtation, have ſet all things to rights.——My child was bereft of theſe!——What a teazing life did ſhe lead herſelf, and conſequently her fœtus too, with that nonſenſical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town? I thought my ſiſter ſubmitted with the greateſt patience, replied my uncle Toby——I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.——She fumed inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worſe for the child—and then! what battles did ſhe fight with me, and what perpetual ſtorms about the midwife.——There ſhe gave vent, ſaid my uncle Toby.——Vent! cried my father, looking up.

But what was all this, my dear Toby, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremoſt into the world, when all I wiſhed, in this general wreck of his frame, was to have ſaved this little caſket unbroke, unrifled.——

With all my precautions, how was my ſyſtem turned topſide-turvy in the womb with my child! his head expoſed to the hand of violence, and a preſſure of 470 pounds avoirdupois weight acting ſo perpendicularly upon its apex—that at this hour 'tis ninety *per Cent.* inſurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thouſand tatters.

——Still we could have done.——Fool, coxcomb, puppy——give him but a Noſe——Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Gooſecap——(ſhape him as you will) the door of Fortune ſtands open—O Licetus! Licetus! had I been bleſt with a fœtus five inches long and a half, like thee—Fate might have done her worſt.

Still, brother Toby, there was one caſt of the dye left for our child after all——O Triſtram! Triſtram! Triſtram!

We will ſend for Mr. Yorick, ſaid my uncle Toby.

——You may ſend for whom you will, replied my father.

CHAP. XXXI.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and friſking it away, two up and two down for three volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one ſide of me, to ſee whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one——quoth I to myſelf when I mounted——I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the road.——So off I ſet—up one lane—down another, through this turnpike—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and reſolution you may——'tis a million to one you'll do ſome one a miſchief, if not yourſelf——He's flung—he's off—he's loſt his hat—he's down——he'll break his neck——ſee!——if he has not galloped full among the ſcaffolding of the undertaking critics!——he'll knock

his brains out againſt ſome of their poſts—he's bounced out! look——he's now riding like a mad-cap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, phyſicians, lawyers, logicians, players, ſchoolmen, churchmen, ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, caſuiſts, connoiſſeurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, ſaid I—I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the king's high-way.——But your horſe throws dirt; ſee, you've ſplaſh'd a biſhop——I hope in God, 'twas only Ernulphus, ſaid I.——But you have ſquirted full in the faces of Meſſ. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, doctors of the Sorbonne.—That was laſt year, replied I—But you have trod this moment upon a king.——Kings have bad times on't, ſaid I, to be trod upon by ſuch people as me.

You have done it, replied my accuſer.

I deny it, quoth I, and ſo have got off, and here am I ſtanding with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my ſtory.——And what is it? You ſhall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXXII.

AS Francis the Firſt of France was one winterly night warming himſelf over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his firſt miniſter of ſundry things for the good of the ſtate*—it would not be amiſs, ſaid the king, ſtirring up the embers with his cane, if this good underſtanding betwixt ourſelves and Switzerland was a little ſtrengthened.—There is no end, Sire, replied the miniſter, in giving money to theſe people—they would ſwallow up the treaſury of France—Poo! poo! anſwered the king——there are more ways, Monſ. le Premier, of bribing ſtates, beſides that of giving money——I'll pay Switzerland the honour of ſtanding godfather for my next child.——Your majeſty, ſaid the miniſter, in ſo doing, would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back;——Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no conſtruction be godfather.——She may be godmother, replied Francis, haſtily——ſo announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

I am

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* Vide Menagiana, Vol. I.

I am aſtoniſhed, ſaid Francis the Firſt, (that day fortnight,) ſpeaking to his miniſter as he entered the cloſet, that we have had no anſwer from Switzerland.——Sire, I wait upon you this moment, ſaid Monſ. le Premier, to lay before you my diſpatches upon that buſineſs.—— They take it kindly, ſaid the king.—They do, Sire, replied the miniſter, and have the higheſt ſenſe of the honour your majeſty has done them——but the republic, as godmother, claims her right in this caſe, of naming the child.

In all reaſon, quoth the king—ſhe will chriſten him Francis, or Henry, or Lewis, or ſome name that ſhe knows will be agreeable to us. Your majeſty is deceived, replied the miniſter—I have this hour received a diſpatch from our reſident, with the determination of the republic on that point alſo.—And what name has the republic fixed upon for the Dauphin?—Shadrach, Meſech, Abed-nego, replied the miniſter.—By Saint Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiſs, cried Francis the Firſt, pulling up his breeches, and walking haſtily acroſs the floor.

Your majeſty, replied the miniſter calmly, cannot bring yourſelf off.

W'll pay them in money——ſaid the King.

Sire, there are not ſixty thouſand crowns in the treaſury, anſwered the miniſter.——I'll pawn the beſt jewel in my crown, quoth Francis the Firſt.

Your honour ſtands pawn'd already in this matter, anſwered Monſieur le Premier.

Then, Monſ. le Premier, ſaid the king, by——we'll go to war with 'em.

CHAP. XXXIII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have luſted earneſtly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the meaſure of ſuch a ſlender ſkill as God has vouchſafed me, and as convenient leiſure from other occaſions of needful profit and healthful paſtime have permitted) that theſe little books, which I here put into thy hands, might ſtand inſtead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myſelf towards thee in ſuch fanciful guiſe of careleſs diſport, that

that right ſore am I aſhamed now to intreat thy lenity ſeriouſly——in beſeeching thee to believe it of me, that in the ſtory of my father and his Chriſtian-names—I have no thoughts of treading upon Francis the Firſt—nor in the affair of the noſe—upon Francis the Ninth—nor in the character of my uncle Toby—of characterizing the militating ſpirits of my country—the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every compariſon of that kind—nor by Trim—that I meant the duke Ormond—or that my book is wrote againſt predeſtination, or free-will, or taxes—If 'tis wrote againſt any thing,—'tis wrote, an' pleaſe your worſhips, againſt the ſpleen! in order, by a more frequent and a more convulſive elevation and depreſſion of the diaphragm, and the ſuccuſſations of the intercoſtal and abdominal muſcles in laughter, to drive the gall and other bitter juices from the gall-bladder, liver, and ſweet-bread of his majeſty's ſubjects, with all the inimicitious paſſions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

C H A P. XXXIV.

BUT can the thing be undone, Yorick? ſaid my father—for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot.—I am a vile canoniſt, replied Yorick—but of all evils holding ſuſpence to be the moſt tormenting, we ſhall at leaſt know the worſt of this matter. I hate theſe great dinners—ſaid my father—The ſize of the dinner is not the point, anſwered Yorick—we want, Mr. Shandy, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not—and as the beards of ſo many commiſſaries, officials, advocates, proctors, regiſters, and of the moſt eminent of our ſchool-divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and Didius has ſo preſſingly invited you—who in your diſtreſs would miſs ſuch an occaſion? All that is requiſite, continued Yorick, is to apprize Didius, and let him manage a converſation after dinner ſo as to introduce the ſubject.—Then my brother Toby, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, ſhall go with us.

——Let my old tye-wig, quoth my uncle Toby, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, Trim.

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CHAP. XXXVI.

—NO doubt, Sir,—there is a whole chapter wanting here—and a chasm of ten pages made in the book by it——but the book-binder is neither a fool, or a knave, or a puppy—nor is the book a jot more imperfect (at least upon that score)—but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I shall demonstrate to your reverences in this manner.—I question first, by-the-bye, whether the same experiment might not be made as successfully upon sundry other chapters—but there is no end, an' please your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters—we have had enough of it—So there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonstration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwise you would all have been reading just now, instead of this—was the description of my father's, my uncle Toby's, Trim's, and Obadiah's setting out and journeying to the visitations at ****.

We'll go in the coach, said my father—Prithee, have the arms been altered, Obadiah?—It would have made my story much better to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the Shandy's, when the coach was re-painted upon my father's marriage, it had so fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left hand, like Turpilius the Roman, or Hans Holbein of Basil—or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand—or whether, lastly, it was from the sinister turn, which every thing relating to our family was apt to take, it so fell out, however, to our reproach, that instead of the bend-dexter, which since Harry the Eighth's reign was honestly our due—a bend-sinister, by some of these fatalities, had been drawn quite across the field of the Shandy-arms. 'Tis scarce credible that the mind of so wise a man as my father was, could be so much incommoded with so small a matter. The word coach—let it be whose it would—or coachman, or coach-horse, or

or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he conſtantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to ſtep into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow at the ſame time, that it was the laſt time he would ever ſet his foot in it again, till the bend-ſiniſter was taken out—but, like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the Deſtinies had ſet down in their books ever to be grumbled at (and in wiſer families than ours)—but never to be mended.

——Has the *bend-ſiniſter* been bruſh'd out, I ſay? ſaid my father.—There has been nothing bruſh'd out, ſir, anſwered Obadiah, but the lining. We'll go on horſeback, ſaid my father, turning to Yorick.—Of all things in the world, except politics, the clergy know the leaſt of heraldry, ſaid Yorick.—No matter for that, cried my father—I ſhould be ſorry to appear with a blot in my eſcutcheon before them.— Never mind the *bend-ſiniſter*, ſaid my uncle Toby, putting on his tye-wig.—No, indeed, ſaid my father—you may go with my aunt Dinah to a viſitation with a *bend-ſiniſter*, if you think fit.—My poor uncle Toby bluſhed. My father was vexed at himſelf.—No, my dear brother Toby, ſaid my father, changing his tone—but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the ſciatia again, as it did December, January, and February laſt winter—ſo if you pleaſe you ſhall ride my wife's pad—and as you are to preach, Yorick, you had better make the beſt of your way before, and leave me to take care of my brother Toby, and to follow at our own rates.

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the deſcription of this cavalcade, in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horſes a-breaſt led the way as ſlow as a patrole—whilſt my uncle Toby, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and diſſertations alternately upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the ſtart.

But

But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be so much above the stile and manner of any thing else I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene; and destroying at the same time that necessary equipoise and balance (whether good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions and harmony of the whole work results. For my own part, I am but just set out in the business, so know little about it—but in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like humming a song—be put in tune with yourself, madam, it is no matter how high or how low you take it.

—This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off very well—(as Yorick told my uncle Toby one night) by siege.—My uncle Toby looked brisk at the sound of the word siege, but could make neither head or tale of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, said Homenas—, run over my notes—so I humm'd over doctor Homenas's notes—the modulation's very well—'twill do, Homenas, if it holds on at this rate—so on I humm'd—and a tolerable tune I thought it was; and to this hour, may it please your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how spiritless and jejune it was, but that all of a sudden, up started an air in the middle of it, so fine, so rich, so heavenly—it carried my soul up with it into the other world: now had I (as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident) had I found the declivity easy, or the ascent accessible—certes I had been outwitted.—Your notes, Homenas, I should have said, are good notes; but it was so perpendicular a precipice——so wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first note I humm'd I found myself flying into the other world, and from thence discovered the vale from whence I came, so deep, so low, and dismal, that I shall never have the heart to descend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a standard along with him to measure his own size—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And so much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

——SEE if he his not cutting it into ſlips, and giving them about him to light their pipes !——'Tis abominable, anſwered Didius : it ſhould not go unnoticed, ſaid doctor Kyſarcius ——☞ he was of the *Kyſarcii* of the Low Countries.

Methinks, ſaid Didius, half riſing from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter, which ſtood in a direct line between him and Yorick—you might have ſpared this ſarcaſtic ſtroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. Yorick—or at leaſt upon a more proper occaſion, to have ſhewn your contempt of what we have been about : if the ſermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with—'twas certainly, ſir, not good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body——'twas certainly, ſir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

—I have got him faſt hung up, quoth Didius to himſelf, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma—let him get off as he can.

I have undergone ſuch unſpeakable torments, in bringing forth this ſermon, quoth Yorick, upon this occaſion—that I declare, Didius, I would ſuffer martyrdom—and if it was poſſible, my horſe with me, a thouſand times over, before I would ſit down and make ſuch another : I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me—it came from my head inſtead of my heart, and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myſelf of it in this manner——To preach, to ſhew the extent of our reading, or the ſubtleties of our wit—to parade in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning tinſled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light, and leſs warmth—is a diſhoneſt uſe of the poor half hour in a week which is put into our hands——'Tis not preaching the goſpel——but ourſelves——For my own part, continued Yorick, I had rather direct five words point blank to the heart.—

As Yorick pronounced the word *point blank*, my uncle Toby roſe up to ſay ſomething of projectiles——when a ſingle word and no more uttered from the oppoſite ſide of the table drew every one's ears towards it—a word of all others in the dictionary the laſt in that place to be expected—a word I am aſhamed to write—yet muſt be written—muſt be read—illegal—uncanonical——gueſs ten thouſand gueſſes, multiplied into themſelves——rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was.—In ſhort, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

ZOUNDS!——

——————Z——ds! cried Phutatorius, partly to himſelf—and yet high enough to be heard—and what ſeemed odd, 'twas uttered in a conſtruction of look, and in a tone of voice, ſomewhat between that of a man in amazement and in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could diſtinguiſh the expreſſion and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a third or a fifth, or any other chord in muſic——were the moſt puzzled and perplexed with it—the concord was good in itſelf—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the ſubject ſtarted;—ſo that with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others who knew nothing of muſical expreſſion, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the word, imagined that Phutatorius, who was ſomewhat of a choleric ſpirit, was juſt going to ſnatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemawl Yorick to ſome purpoſe——and that the deſperate monoſyllable Z——ds was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the ſample, preſaged but a rough kind of handling of him; ſo that my uncle Toby's good-nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undergo. But ſeeing Phutatorius ſtop ſhort, without any attempt or deſire to go on——a third party began to ſuppoſe, that it was no more than an voluntary reſpiration, caſually forming itſelf

itſelf into the ſhape of a twelve-penny oath—without the ſin or ſubſtance of one.

Others, and eſpecially one or two who ſat next him, looked upon it on the contrary as a real and ſubſtantial oath, propenſly formed againſt Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking—which ſaid oath, as my father philoſophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and ſo was naturally, and according to the due courſe of things, firſt ſqueezed out by the ſudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's heart, by the ſtroke of ſurprize which ſo ſtrange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon miſtaken facts!

There was not a ſoul buſied in all theſe various reaſonings upon the monoſyllable which Phutatorius uttered—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the ſubject of debate which was ariſing between Didius and Yorick; and indeed, as he looked firſt towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man liſtening to what was going forwards, who would not have thought the ſame? But the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one ſyllable of what was paſſing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a tranſaction which was going forwards at that very inſtant within the precincts of his own Galligaſkins, and in a part of them, where of all others he ſtood moſt intereſted to watch accidents; ſo that notwithſtanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually ſkrewed up every nerve and muſcle in his face, to the utmoſt pitch the inſtrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a ſharp reply to Yorick, who ſat over againſt him—yet, I ſay, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain—but the true cauſe of his exclamation lay at leaſt a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You muſt be informed then, that Gaſtripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner to

to ſee how things went on——obſerving a wicker-baſket of fine cheſnuts ſtanding upon the dreſſer, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roaſted and ſent in, as ſoon as dinner was over—Gaſtripheres, inforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius eſpecially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue—Gaſtripheres's cheſnuts were brought in—and as Phutatorius's fondneſs for 'em was uppermoſt in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius, wrapt up hot in a clean damaſk napkin.

Now whether it was phyſically impoſſible, with half a dozen hands all thruſt into the napkin at a time——but that ſome one cheſnut, of more life and rotundity than the reſt, muſt be put in motion—it ſo fell out, that one was actually ſent rolling off the table; and as Phutatorius ſat ſtraddling under—it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the ſhame and indelicacy of our language be it ſpoke, there is no chaſte word throughout all Johnſon's Dictionary—let it ſuffice to ſay—it was that particular aperture which, in all good ſocieties, the laws of decorum do ſtrictly require, like the temple of Janus (in peace at leaſt) to be univerſally ſhut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which by-the-bye ſhould be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.——

Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of ſpeaking—but no oppoſition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepoſſeſſed and fully perſuaded of it—and are ſo to this hour, that there was nothing of accident in the whole event—but that the cheſnut's taking that particular courſe, and in a manner of its own accord—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other—was a real judgment upon Phutatorius, for that filthy and obſcene treatiſe *de Concubinis retinendis*, which Phutatorius had publiſhed about twenty years

years ago——and was that identical week going to give the world a ſecond edition of.

It is not my buſineſs to dip my pen in this controverſy—much undoubtedly may be wrote on both ſides of the queſtion—all that concerns me as an hiſtorian, is to repreſent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was ſufficiently wide to receive the cheſnut;—and that the cheſnut, ſome how or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one elſe at that time.

The genial warmth which the cheſnut imparted, was not undelectable for the firſt twenty or five-and-twenty ſeconds—and did no more than gently ſolicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part;——but the heat gradually increaſing, and in a few ſeconds more getting beyond the point of all ſober pleaſure, and then advancing with all ſpeed into the regions of pain, the ſoul of Phutatorius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, reſolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal ſpirits, all tumultuouſly crouded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place of danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purſe.

With the beſt intelligence which all theſe meſſengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the ſecret of what was going forwards below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture, what the devil was the matter with it: however, as he knew not what the true cauſe might turn out, he deemed it moſt prudent, in the ſituation he was in at preſent, to bear it, if poſſible, like a Stoick; which, with the help of ſome wry faces and compurſions of the mouth, he had certainly accompliſhed, had his imagination continued neuter;—but the ſallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind—a thought inſtantly darted into his mind, that though the anguiſh had the ſenſation of glowing heat—it might notwithſtanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if ſo, that poſſibly a Newt or an

Aſker, or ſome ſuch deteſted reptile, had crept up, and was faſtening his teeth——the horrid idea of which, with a freſh glow of pain ariſing that inſtant from the cheſnut, ſeized Phutatorius with a ſudden panick, and in the firſt terrifying diſorder of the paſſion it threw him, as it has done the beſt generals upon earth, quite off his guard; the effect of which was this, that he leapt incontinently up, uttering as he roſe that interjection of ſurpriſe ſo much deſcanted upon, with the apoſiopeſtic break after it, marked thus, Z——ds—which, though not ſtrictly canonical, was ſtill as little as any man could have ſaid upon the occaſion; and which, by-the-bye, whether canonical or not, Phutatorius could no more help than he could the cauſe of it.

Though this has taken up ſome time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the tranſaction, than juſt to allow time for Phutatorius to draw forth the cheſnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor—and for Yorick to riſe from his chair, and pick the cheſnut up.

It is curious to obſerve the triumph of ſlight incidents over the mind;—what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles, light as air, ſhall waft a belief into the ſoul, and plant it ſo immoveably within it——that Euclid's demonſtrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, ſhould not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I ſaid, picked up the cheſnut which Phutatorius's wrath had flung down—the action was trifling—I am aſhamed to account for it—he did it, for no reaſon, but that he thought the cheſnut not a jot worſe for the adventure—and that he held a good cheſnut worth ſtooping for.——But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in Phutatorius's head: he conſidered this act of Yorick's, in getting off his chair and picking up the cheſnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the cheſnut was originally his—and in courſe, that it muſt have been the owner of the cheſnut, and no one elſe, who could have played him ſuch a prank with it. What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, that

that the table being parallelogramical and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for Yorick, who ſat directly over-againſt Phutatorius, of ſlipping the cheſnut in——and conſequently that he did it. The look of ſomething more than ſuſpicion, which Phutatorius caſt full upon Yorick as theſe thoughts aroſe, too evidently ſpoke his opinion——and as Phutatorius was naturally ſuppoſed to know more of the matter than any perſon beſides, his opinion at once became the general one;—and for a reaſon very different from any which have been yet given—in a little time it was put out of all manner of diſpute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the ſtage of this ſublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquiſitive kind of a ſubſtance, naturally takes a flight behind the ſcenes, to ſee what is the cauſe and firſt ſpring of them—The ſearch was not long in this inſtance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the treatiſe which Phutatorius had wrote *de Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world——and 'twas eaſily found out, that there was a myſtical meaning in Yorick's prank—and that his chucking the cheſnut hot into Phutatorius's ***_*****, was a ſarcaſtical fling at his book—the doctrines of which, they ſaid, had inflamed many an honeſt man in the ſame place.

This conceit awaken'd Somnolentus—made Agelaſtes ſmile—and if you can recollect the preciſe look and air of a man's intent in finding out a riddle——it threw Gaſtripheres's into that form—and in ſhort was thought by many to be a maſter-ſtroke of arch-wit.

This, as the reader has ſeen from one end to the other, was as groundleſs as the dreams of philoſophy. Yorick, no doubt, as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor——"was a man of jeſt," but it was temper'd with ſomething which with-held him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he has undeſervedly bore the blame:——but it was his misfortune all his life long to bear the imputation of ſaying and doing a thou-

ſand things, of which (unleſs my eſteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for—or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that ſingularity of his temper, which would never ſuffer him to take pains to ſet a ſtory right with the world, however in his power. In every ill uſage of that ſort, he acted preciſely as in the affair of his lean horſe——he could have explained it to his honour, but his ſpirit was above it; and beſides, he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator and believer of an illiberal report alike ſo injurious to him—he could not ſtoop to tell his ſtory to them—and ſo truſted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic caſt produced him inconveniencies in many reſpects—in the preſent it was followed by the fixed reſentment of Phutatorius, who, as Yorick had juſt made an end of his cheſnut, roſe up from his chair a ſecond time, to let him know it—which indeed he did with a ſmile; ſaying only that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you muſt mark and carefully ſeparate and diſtinguiſh theſe two things in your mind.

——The ſmile was for the company.

——The threat was for Yorick.

C H A P. XXXIX.

——CAN you tell me, quoth Phutatorius, ſpeaking to Gaſtripheres who ſat next to him—for one would not apply to a ſurgeon in ſo fooliſh an affair—can you tell me, Gaſtripheres, what is beſt to take out the fire? Aſk Eugenius, ſaid Gaſtripheres. That greatly depends, ſaid Eugenius, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part—If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up.—It is both the one and the other, replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he ſpoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in queſtion, and lifting up his right leg at the ſame time to eaſe and ventilate it. If that is the caſe, ſaid Eugenius, I would adviſe you, Phutatorius, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will ſend to the next printer, and truſt your cure to ſuch a

ſimple thing as a ſoft ſheet of paper juſt come off the preſs—you need do nothing more than twiſt it round.—The damp paper, quoth Yorick (who ſat next to his friend Eugenius) though I know it has a refreſhing coolneſs in it—yet I preſume it is no more than the vehicle —and that the oil and lamp-black with which the paper is ſo ſtrongly impregnated, does the buſineſs.—Right, ſaid Eugenius, and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the moſt anodyne and ſafe.

Was it my caſe, ſaid Gaſtripheres, as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I ſhould ſpread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.—That would make a very devil of it, replied Yorick.—And beſides, added Eugenius, it would not anſwer the intention, which is the extreme neatneſs and elegance of the preſcription, which the faculty hold to be half in half;—for conſider, if the type is a very ſmall one (which it ſhould be) the ſanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being ſpread ſo infinitely thin, and with ſuch a mathematical equality (freſh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the ſpatula can come up to.—It falls out very luckily, replied Phutatorius, that the ſecond edition of my treatiſe *de Concubinis retinendis* is at this inſtant in the preſs.—You may take any leaf of it, ſaid Eugenius—no matter which.—Provided, quoth Yorick, there is no bawdry in it——

They are juſt now, replied Phutatorius, printing off the ninth chapter—which is the laſt chapter but one in the book.—Pray what is the title of that chapter? ſaid Yorick; making a reſpectful bow to Phutatorius as he ſpoke.——I think, anſwered Phutatorius, 'tis that, *de re concubinariâ*.

For heaven's ſake keep out of that chapter, quoth Yorick.

—By all means—added Eugenius.

CHAP. XL.

——NOW, quoth Didius, riſing up, and laying his right-hand with his fingers ſpread upon his breaſt—had ſuch a blunder about a chriſtian name happened before the reformation——[It happened the day before yeſterday, quoth my uncle Toby to himſelf]—and when baptiſm was adminiſtered in Latin—['Twas all in Engliſh, ſaid my uncle]—many things might have coincided with it, and upon the authority of ſundry decreed caſes, to have pronounced the baptiſm null, with a power of giving the child a new name—Had a prieſt, for inſtance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the Latin tongue, baptized a child of Tom O'Stiles, *in nomine patriæ & filia & ſpiritum ſanctos*—the baptiſm was held null.—I beg your pardon, replied Kyſarcius—in that caſe, as the miſtake was only the *terminations*, the baptiſm was valid—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the prieſt ſhould have fallen upon the firſt ſyllable of each noun—and not, as in your caſe, upon the laſt.——

My father delighted in ſubtleties of this kind, and liſten'd with infinite attention.

Gaſtripheres, for example, continued Kyſarcius, baptizes a child of John Stradling's *in Gomine* gatris, &c. &c. inſtead of *in Nomine* patris, &c——Is this a baptiſm? No—ſay the ableſt canoniſts; inaſmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the ſenſe and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *Gomine* does not ſignify a name, nor *gatris* a father.—What do they ſignify?—ſaid my uncle Toby. Nothing at all—quoth Yorick.—Ergo, ſuch a baptiſm is null, ſaid Kyſarcius.—In courſe, anſwered Yorick, in a tone two parts jeſt and one part earneſt.—

But in the caſe cited, continued Kyſarcius, where *patrim* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *filii*, and ſo on——as it is a fault only in the declenſion, and the roots of the words continue untouch'd, the inflections of their branches either this way or that, does not in any ſort hinder the baptiſm, inaſmuch as the ſame ſenſe continues in the

the words as before.——But then, ſaid Didius, the intention of the prieſt's pronouncing them grammatically, muſt have been proved to have gone along with it.——Right, anſwered Kyſarcius; and of this, brother Didius, we have an inſtance in a decree of the decretals of Pope Leo the IIId.—But my brother's child, cried my uncle Toby, has nothing to do with the Pope—'tis the plain child of a Proteſtant gentleman, chriſten'd Triſtram againſt the wills and wiſhes both of his father and mother, and all who are a-kin to it.——

If the wills and wiſhes, ſaid Kyſarcius, interrupting my uncle Toby, of thoſe only who ſtand related to Mr. Shandy's child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy of all people has the leaſt to do in it.—My uncle Toby lay'd down his pipe, and my father drew his chair ſtill cloſer to the table, to hear the concluſion of ſo ſtrange an introduction.

It has not only been a queſtion, Capt. Shandy, amongſt the *beſt lawyers and civilians in this land, continued Kyſarcius, "*Whether the mother be of kin to her child*,"—but, after much diſpaſſionate enquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all ſides—it has been adjudged for the negative—namely, "*That the mother is not of kin to her child* †." My father inſtantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whiſpering him in his ear;—the truth was, he was alarmed for Lillabullero—and having a great deſire to hear more of ſo curious an argument—he begged my uncle Toby, for heaven's ſake, not to diſappoint him in it.—My uncle Toby gave a nod—reſumed his pipe, and contented himſelf with whiſtling Lillabullero inwardly—Kyſarcius, Didius, and Triptolemus went on with the diſcourſe as follows:

This determination, continued Kyſarcius, how contrary ſoever it may ſeem to run to the ſtream of vulgar ideas, yet had reaſon ſtrongly on its ſide; and has been put out of all manner of diſpute from the famous caſe, known commonly by the name of the Duke of Suffolk's

Caſe.

* Vide Swinburn on Teſtaments, Part. 7. § 8.

† Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Adminiſter. N. 47.

Caſe.——It is cited in Brook, ſaid Triptolemus—And taken notice of by Lord Coke, added Didius.—And you you may find it in Swinburn on Teſtaments, ſaid Kyſarcius.

The caſe, Mr. Shandy, was this.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Charles Duke of Suffolk having iſſue a ſon by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his laſt will, wherein he deviſed goods to his ſon, and died; after whoſe death the ſon died alſo—but without will, without wife, and without child—his mother and the ſiſter by the father's ſide (for ſhe was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the adminiſtration of her ſon's goods, according to the ſtatute of the 21ſt of Harry the Eighth, whereby it is enacted, That in caſe any perſon die inteſtate, the adminiſtration of his goods ſhall be committed to the next of kin.

The adminiſtration being thus (ſurreptitiouſly) granted to the mother, the ſiſter by the father's ſide commenced a ſuit before the eccleſiaſtical judge, alledging, 1ſt, that ſhe herſelf was next of kin; and 2dly, that the mother was not a kin at all to the party deceaſed; and therefore prayed the court, that the adminiſtration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceaſed, by force of the ſaid ſtatute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cauſe, and much depending upon its iſſue—and many cauſes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made—the moſt learned, as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were conſulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her ſon, or no. —Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers—but the church lawyers—the juris-conſulti—the juris prudentes—the civilians—the advocates—the commiſſaries—the judges of the conſiſtory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the maſter of the faculties, were all of opinion, that the mother was not of * kin to her child.— And

* Mater non numeratur inter conſanguineos, Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. ſignific.

And what ſaid the ducheſs of Suffolk to it? ſaid my uncle Toby.

The unexpectedneſs of my uncle Toby's queſtion, confounded Kyſarcius more than the ableſt advocate—He ſtopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle Toby's face without replying—and in that ſingle minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, ſaid Triptolemus, that things do not aſcend, but deſcend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cauſe, that however true it is, that the child may be of the blood and ſeed of its parents—that the parents, nevertheleſs, are not of the blood and ſeed of it; inaſmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents—For ſo they write, *Liberi ſunt de ſanguine patris & matris, ſed pater & mater non ſunt de ſanguine liberorum.*

——But this, Triptolemus, cried Didius, proves too much——for from this authority cited it would follow, not only what indeed is granted on all ſides, that the mother is not of kin to her child—but the father likewiſe.——It is held, ſaid Triptolemus, the better opinion; becauſe the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three perſons, yet they are but (*una caro* *) one fleſh; and conſequently no degree of kindred—or any method of acquiring one in nature.——There you puſh the argument again too far, cried Didius—for there is no prohibition in nature, though there is in the Levitical law——but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother—in which caſe, ſuppoſing the iſſue a daughter, ſhe would ſtand in relation both of ——But who ever thought, cried Kyſarcius, of laying with his grandmother?—The young gentleman, replied Yorick, whom Selden ſpeaks of——who not only thought of it, but juſtified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation.——"You laid, ſir, with my mother, ſaid the lad——why may I not lay with yours?"——'Tis the *argumentum commune*, added Yorick.——'Tis as good, replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, as they deſerve.

The company broke up.——

CHAP.

* Vide Brook Abridg. tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

CHAP. XLI.

——AND pray, ſaid my uncle Toby, leaning upon Yorick, as he and my father were helping him leiſurely down the ſtairs——don't be terrified, madam, this ſtair-caſe converſation is not ſo long as the laſt——And pray, Yorick, ſaid my uncle Toby, which way is this ſaid affair of Triſtram at length ſettled by theſe learned men? Very ſatisfactorily, replied Yorick; no mortal, ſir, has any concern with it—for Mrs. Shandy the mother is nothing at all akin to him— and as the mother's is the ſureſt ſide—Mr. Shandy, in courſe, is ſtill leſs than nothing—in ſhort, he is not as much akin to him, ſir, as I am.

——That may well be, ſaid my father, ſhaking his head.

——Let the learned ſay what they will, there muſt certainly, quoth my uncle Toby, have been ſome ſort of conſanguinity betwixt the ducheſs of Suffolk and her ſon.

The vulgar are of the ſame opinion, quoth Yorick, to this hour.

CHAP. XLII.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the ſubtleties of theſe learned diſcourſes—'twas ſtill but like the anointing of a broken bone—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him, but ſo much the heavier, as is ever the caſe when the ſtaff we lean on ſlips from under us.—He became penſive—walked frequently forth to the fiſh-pond—let down one loop of his hat—ſigh'd often—forbore to ſnap——and, as the haſty ſparks of temper, which occaſion ſnapping ſo much, aſſiſt perſpiration and digeſtion, as Hippocrates tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health reſcued by a freſh train of diſquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thouſand pounds, by my aunt Dinah.—

My father had ſcarce read the letter, when taking the thing by the right end, he inſtantly began to plague and

and puzzle his head how to lay it out moſtly to the honour of his family.——A hundred-and-fifty odd projects took poſſeſſion of his brains by turns—he would do this, and that, and t'other—He would go to Rome—he would go to law—he would buy ſtock—he would buy John Hobſon's farm—he would new-front his houſe, and add a new wing to make it even—There was a fine water-mill on this ſide, and he would build a windmill on the other ſide of the river in full view to anſwer it—But above all things in the world, he would incloſe the great Ox-moor, and ſend out my brother Bobby immediately upon his travels.

But as the ſum was finite, and conſequently could not do every thing—and in truth very few of theſe to any purpoſe—of all the projects which offered themſelves upon this occaſion, the two laſt ſeemed to make the deepeſt impreſſion; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the ſmall inconvenience hinted at above, which abſolutely put him under a neceſſity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether ſo eaſy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before ſet his heart upon this neceſſary part of my brother's education, and like a prudent man had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the firſt money that returned from the ſecond creation of actions in the Miſſiſſippi-ſcheme, in which he was an adventurer—yet the Ox-moor, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the Shandy eſtate, had almoſt as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately ſet his heart upon turning it likewiſe to ſome account.

But having never hitherto been preſſed with ſuch a conjuncture of things, as made it neceſſary to ſettle either the priority or juſtice of their claims—like a wiſe man he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: ſo that upon the diſmiſſion of every other project at this criſis—the two old projects, the *Ox-moor* and my *brother*, divided him again; and ſo equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occaſion of no ſmall conteſt in the old gentleman's mind

mind—which of the two ſhould be ſet o'going firſt.

——People may laugh as they will—but the caſe was this.

It had ever been the cuſtom of the family, and by length of time was almoſt become a matter of common right, that the eldeſt ſon of it ſhould have free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs into foreign parts before marriage—not only for the ſake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exerciſe and change of ſo much air—but ſimply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap of having been abroad—*tantum valet*, my father would ſay, *quantum ſonat*.

Now as this was a reaſonable, and in courſe a moſt chriſtian indulgence—to deprive him of it, without why or wherefore—and thereby make an example of him, as the firſt Shandy unwhirl'd about Europe in a poſt-chaiſe, and only becauſe he was a heavy lad—would be uſing him ten times worſe than a Turk.

On the other hand, the caſe of the Ox-moor was full as hard.

Excluſive of the original purchaſe-money, which was eight hundred pounds—it had coſt the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-ſuit about fifteen years before——beſides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in poſſeſſion of the Shandy family ever ſince the middle of the laſt century; and though it lay in full view before the houſe, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill ſpoken of above—and for all theſe reaſons ſeemed to have the faireſt title of any part of the eſtate to the care and protection of the family—yet by an unaccountble fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on—it had all along moſt ſhamefully been overlooked; and to ſpeak the truth of it, had ſuffered by it ſo much, that it would have made any man's heart have bl.d (Obadiah ſaid) who underſtood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only ſeen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchaſing this tract of ground—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly ſpeaking, of my father's doing——

he

he had never thought himſelf any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that curſed law-ſuit mentioned above (and which had arose about its boundaries)——which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour; and upon ſumming them up all together, he ſaw, not merely in intereſt, but in honour, he was bound to do ſomething for it——and that now or never was the time.

I think there muſt certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reaſons on both ſides ſhould happen to be ſo equally balanced by each other; for though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions——ſpent many an anxious hour in the moſt profound and abſtracted meditation upon what was beſt to be done——reading books of farming one day—books of travels another——laying aſide all paſſion whatever—viewing the arguments on both ſides in all their lights and circumſtances——communing every day with my uncle Toby—arguing with Yorick, and talking over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah—yet nothing in all that time appeared ſo ſtrongly in behalf of the one, which was not either ſtrictly applicable to the other, or at leaſt ſo far counterbalanced by ſome conſideration of equal weight, as to keep the ſcales even.

For to be ſure, with proper helps, and in the hands of ſome people, though the Ox-moor would undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay—yet every tittle of this was true, with regard to my brother Bobby——let Obadiah ſay what he would.—

In point of intereſt—the conteſt, I own, at firſt ſight, did not appear ſo undeciſive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and ſet about calculating the ſimple expence of paring, and burning, and fencing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.——with the certain profit it would bring him in return—the latter turned out ſo prodigiouſly in his way of working the account, that you would have ſworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it. For it was plain he ſhould reap a hundred

laſts of rape, at twenty pounds a laſt, the very firſt year—beſides an excellent crop of wheat the year following—and the year after that, to ſpeak within bounds, a hundred—but, in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty——if not two hundred quarters of peaſe and beans——beſides potatoes without end.—But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in ſuch a ſtate of ſuſpence—that, as he often declared to my uncle Toby—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

No body, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn aſunder by two projects of equal ſtrength, both obſtinately pulling in a contrary direction at the ſame time: for to ſay nothing of the havock, which by a certain conſequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer ſyſtem of the nerves, which you know convey the animal ſpirits and more ſubtle juice from the heart to the head, and ſo on—it is not to be told in what a degree ſuch a wayward kind of friction works upon the more groſs and ſolid parts, waſting the fat and impairing the ſtrength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly ſunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my Chriſtian Name—had he not been reſcued out of it, as he was out of that, by a freſh evil—the misfortune of my brother Bobby's death.

What is the life of man! Is it not to ſhift from ſide to ſide?—from ſorrow to ſorrow!—to button up one cauſe of vexation—and unbutton another?

CHAP. XLIII.

FROM this moment I am to be conſidered as heir apparent to the Shandy family—and it is from this point properly, that the ſtory of my Life and Opinions ſet out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have but been clearing the ground to raiſe the building—and ſuch a building do I foreſee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed ſince Adam. In leſs than five

minutes I ſhall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it—I have but half a ſcore things to do in the time—I have a thing to name—a thing to lament—a thing to hope—a thing to promiſe, and a thing to threaten—I have a thing to ſuppoſe—a thing to declare—a thing to conceal—a thing to chuſe, and a thing to pray for—This chapter, therefore, I name the chapter of THINGS—and my next chapter to it, that is, the firſt chapter of my next volume, if I live, ſhall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up ſome ſort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crouded in ſo thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have, all the way, looked forwards with ſo much earneſt deſire; and that is the campaigns, but eſpecially the amours of my uncle Toby, the events of which are of ſo ſingular a nature, and ſo Cervantick a caſt, that if I can ſo manage it, as to convey but the ſame impreſſions to every other brain, which the occurrences themſelves excite in my own——I will anſwer for it the book ſhall make its way in the world, much better than its maſter has done before it.—O Triſtram! Triſtram! can this but be once brought about—the credit which will attend thee as an author, ſhall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man—thou wilt feaſt upon the one—when thou haſt loſt all ſenſe and remembrance of the other!——

No wonder I itch ſo much as I do, to get at theſe amours—They are the choiceſt morſel of my whole ſtory! and when I do get at 'em—aſſure yourſelves, good folks—(nor do I value whoſe ſqueamiſh ſtomach takes offence at it) I ſhall not be at all nice in the choice of my words!—and that's the thing I have to declare.——I ſhall never get all through in five minutes, that I fear—and the thing I hope is, that your worſhips and reverences are not offended—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you ſomething, my good gentry, next year, to be offended at—that's my dear Jenny's way—but who my dear Jenny is—and which is the right and which is the wrong end of a woman, is

the thing to be concealed—it ſhall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of Button-holes——and not one chapter before.

And now that you have juſt got to the end of theſe three volumes—the thing I have to aſk is, how you feel your heads? my own akes diſmally!——as for your healths,—I know they are much better.—True *Shandeiſm*, think what you will againſt it, opens the heart and lungs, and like all thoſe affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through its channels, makes the wheel of life run long and chearfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Panca, to chuſe my kingdom, it ſhould not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks to make a penny of;—no, it ſhould be a kingdom of hearty laughing ſubjects: And as the bilious and more ſaturnine paſſions, by creating diſorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I ſee, upon the body politick as body natural—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern thoſe paſſions, and ſubject them to reaſon—I ſhould add to my prayer—that God would give my ſubjects grace to be as Wiſe as they were Merry; and then ſhould I be the happieſt monarch, and they the happieſt people under heaven.——

And ſo, with this moral for the preſent, may it pleaſe your worſhips and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelve-month, when (unleſs this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a ſtory to the world you little dream of.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.